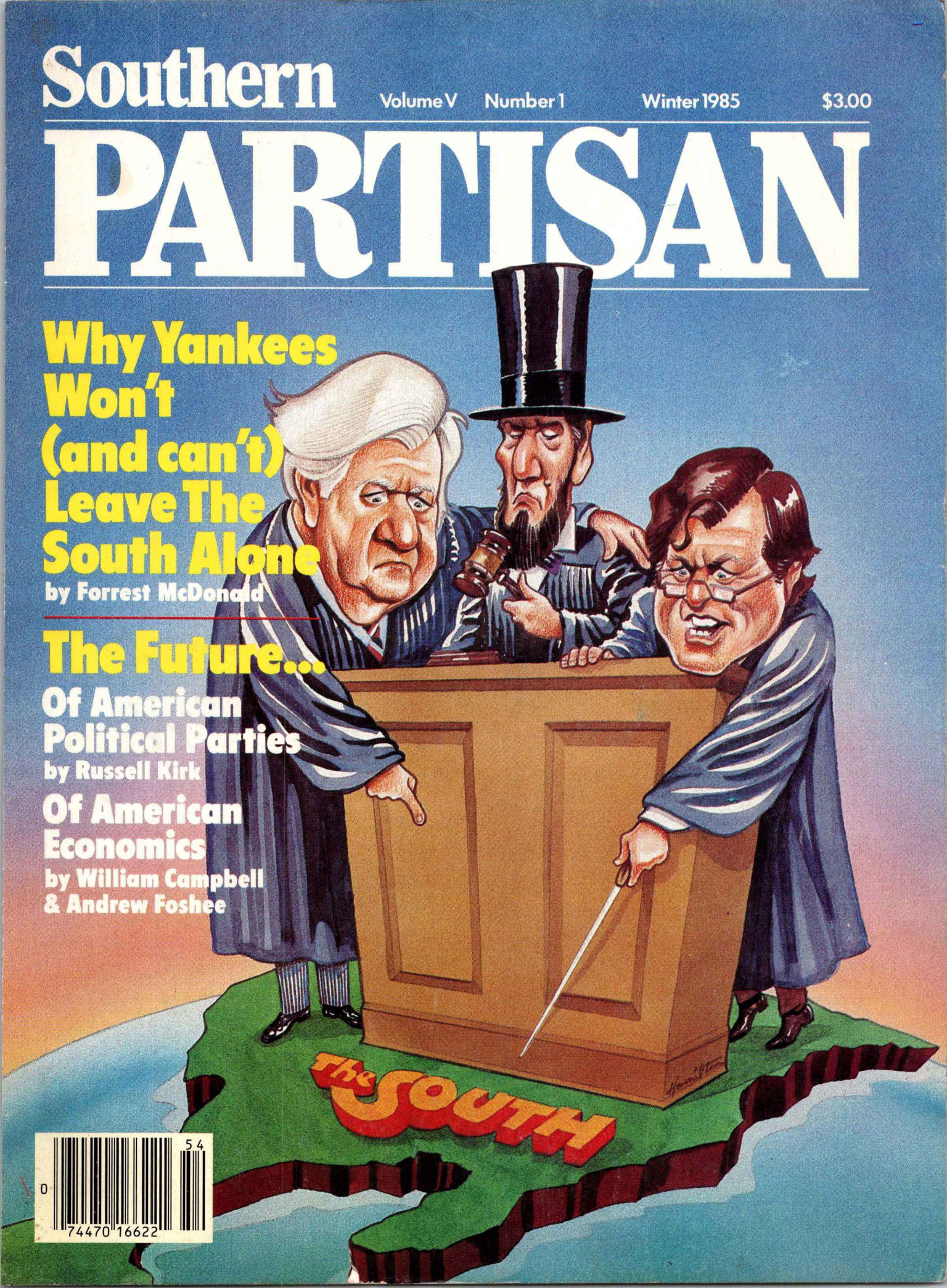
Southern
PARTISAN
Volume V Number 1 Winter 1985 $3.00


Why Yankees Won't (and can't) Leave The South Alone
by Forrest McDonald
The Future...
Of American Political Parties
by Russell Kirk
Of American Economics
by William Campbell & Andrew Foshee
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February 16, 1862

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Southern
PARTISAN

VOLUME 5, NUMBER 1 WINTER 1985

FEATURES

WHY YANKEES WON'T (AND CAN'T) LEAVE THE SOUTH ALONE

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Rates/Manuscripts/Correspondence: The annual subscription rate is $12.00 with a single issue price of $3.00. Subscribers in Canada and Mexico should add $4.00 to the annual rate ($1.00 to the single issue rate). All other foreign subscribers should add $8.00 to the annual rate ($2.00 to the single issue rate).

Please address all correspondence, including letters to the editor, to *The Southern Partisan*, P.O. Box 11708, Columbia, South Carolina 29211. We welcome unsolicited manuscripts but cannot guarantee their return unless you enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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Postmaster: Send address changes to The Southern Partisan, P.O. Box 11708, Columbia, South Carolina, 29211.

Advertising inquiries: Contact Pat Vierling at P.O. Box 11708, Columbia, South Carolina, 29211 (803-254-3660).

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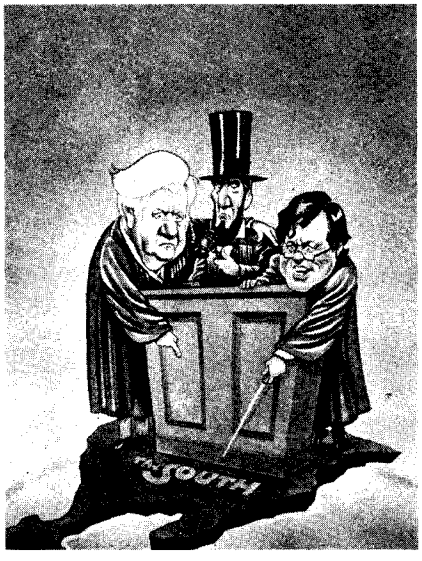

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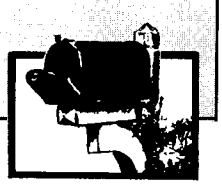

To Non-Heriditary Confederates

Gentlemen:

I would like to respond to both Mr. Marvin Almon of Louisville, Ky. and Mr. C.M. Ritchey of St. Petersburg, Fla. and commend them for their outstanding Southern Pride and loyalty to the Confederate Cause. However, I'm afraid that it is a little too late to propose the reorganization of the "Comrades of the Southern Cross" as a non-hereditary Confederate organization as proposed by Mr. Ritchey in the Fall 1984 issue of *The Southern Partisan.* The "Comrades of the Southern Cross" was organized in 1863, not only by Major General Patrick R. Cleburne, but also by Lt. General Leonidas Polk and the Rev. Charles T. Quintard, CSA Chaplain, for the reason stated in the Summer 1984 issue of *The Southern Partisan.*

After the War Between the States ended, it was dormant for 115 years, until May of 1979, when the Sons of Confederate Veterans and the Military Order of the Stars and Bars, in Biloxi, Mississippi, reorganized the "Comrades of the Southern Cross" as an honorary leadership society of the SCV and MOSB to be known as "THE SOCIETY OF THE ORDER OF THE SOUTHERN CROSS".

May I take this opportunity to suggest to both Mr. Almon and Mr. Ritchey, as well as to any other loyal Southern Partisans who are interested in membership in a Confederate organization of a non-hereditary nature, that they contact one or more of the following such groups: (1) "THE CONFEDERATE ALLIANCE" which publishes a newsletter every other month called the "Alliance Report", and a yearly journal called the "Grey Sentinel". It is commanded by General Kendon L. Clark of Baytown, Texas, and can be contacted by writing to the Alliance Director, Major General Albert Stedman, 5311 Harvard Road, Detroit, MI. 48224. The Confederate Alliance has an adjunct honor society known as the "ORDER OF THE BATTLEFLAG, CSA," which recognizes accomplishments of contemporary Confederates in many areas. The order is commanded by Brig. Generai Charles Hall of Franklin, Tennessee, and can be contacted by writing to the Grand Chancellor of the Order of the Battleflag, CSA, Colonel D.L. Wehr, 700 Citrus Street, Altamonte Springs, FL. 32701.

(2) "THE FRIENDS OF THE CONFEDERACY SOCIETY," which is commanded by General Alvin L. Baker, 621 N. Custer, Weatherford, OK. 73096.

(3) "THE CONFEDERATE HISTORICAL INSTITUTE," which is directed nationally by Mr. Jerry Russell, P.O. Box 7388, Little Rock, AK. 72217.

(4) "THE CONFEDERATE HIGH COMMAND," (U.K., which is commanded by Captain D.J. Jordan, CSA, 29 Grierson Close, Calne, Wiltshire SN11 8JJ United Kingdom.

(5) "THE CONFEDERATE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION OF BELGIUM," which is led by The Honorable Daniel J. Frankignoul, President CHAB, Clos des Peupliers 64, 1200 Brussels, Belgium.

Any or all of the above would be happy to hear from any local Confederates who are interested in Confederate organizations of a non-heriditary nature, as well as Compatriots of the SCV, MOSB and Order of the Southern Cross. I am sure of this because I belong to all of the above organizations.

Donald Lee Wehr
Commander, Florida Society,
Military Order of The Stars and Bars
Altamonte Springs, Florida

Landess, Buckley Defended

Gentlemen:

First of all, I would like to add my voice in strong support for Tom Landess and Reid Buckley for their columns in the summer issue. Both made extremely strong and valid points about "sacred cows" in our liberal dominated society. Blasting the statue of liberty myth and describing the origins of our Republic are topics few writers dare to broach these days. Landess and Buckley both deserve our credit, not our criticism.

Secondly, I wish to thank you for the superb presentation of "The Last Agrarian Essays" by Lytle and Davidson. These essays contain strong statements of value not just for the South, but for all Americans. Reading them was both highly enjoyable and sobering.

James A. Baumhofer
Saint Paul, Minnesota

Hollow Days

Gentlemen:

I would anticipate that the disappointment, (to use one of the more mild adjectives which might apply, to the discontinuance of the Lee-Jackson Day in Virginia) will be felt generally through the South and by those in other sections of our Nation who share the sentiments that created the Day years ago...

The act of rewriting history, which such action surely is, is the means that totalitarian regimes take to impress the populace of the rightness of their positions by eliminating any such action or movement distasteful to themselves...

Disagreement with a holiday for Dr. King is not the point. The tragedy is that we have reached the point that an honor for one must result in the sacrifice of a meaningful event and memory in the history of our Country.

We too frequently cater to the short term perceived necessities of political demands at the cost of tradition, honor, and meaning...

James E.Duffy
North Augusta, South Carolina

Our cover this issue is by Marcus Hamilton, a freelance illustrator from Charlotte, North Carolina. Mr. Hamilton is an art graduate of Atlantic Christian College in Wilson, North Carolina and has illustrated for* The Saturday Evening Post, Changing Times, Golf Digest, Good Housekeeping, Cosmopolitan, *and many more publications.

A Question of History

Gentlemen:

I fail to understand your position on the separation of Church and State. I have a horrible feeling your stand is to get the Protestants into government formally, i.e. Falwell and crowd taking over with a special room in the White House.

Apparently your writers have done little research on the late 18th-C. (U.S.) position on this subject.

Jefferson said a thick wall should be constructed between Church and State.

J.Q. Adams wrote in desperation after a boat load of Swaggarts arrived in the colonies — "Give us back our Greek gods."

Ralph Dawson
Tempe, Arizona

Editor's Note: Our position on the relationship between Church and State:

A) We want to return to the way things were between the 1780's and the 1960's, a period during which no one of any historical consequence ever complained that there was an insufficient wall between Church and State.

B) We don't want any religious groups in the White House, whether they be led by Jerry Falwell or Martin Luther King.

C) Jefferson said in his Second Inaugural Address that the states had a right to prescribe religious exercises.

D) We don't want any Greek gods taking over with a special room in the White House.

E) You agree with us; our differences are just questions of emphasis and rhetoric.

Attention Missouri Confederates

Gentlemen:

I am interested in contacting former Missourians of Southern heritage now living in the Atlanta, Georgia area. Would like to form a memorial "military" group to represent General F.M. Cockrell's Third Missouri Brigade C.S.A. in parades, battle re-enactments, etc.

G.L.Wehner
P.O. Box 724374
Atlanta, Georgia 30339

Smooten

Gentlemen:

I must congratulate you. This past **The Last Word**--the Buckley column--contained only one, minute error: the French word **aimes** is spelled **aimes** not **ames.**

Now that you have your copy editing under control, what about editing — or editing out altogether — the perverse and flummoxed thinking of Mr. Buckley himself? His pot is cracked. He would be the maddest of Hatters save that whenever he dons what he susposes in his thinking cap he portrays more holes than fabric. He is a menace to civilized discourse, if you want my opinion.

John D. Smoot
Sandy Grove Community
South Carolina

Editor's Note: Funny you should bring this up, Mr. Smoot; because when Mr. Buckley's column first came in we also wondered why he had spelled the word **ames** *instead of* **aimes.** *Over the years however, we have learned not to question Mr. Buckley, who gets very angry when we alter his copy, which is always full of linguistic booby traps and jolly puns.*

We also wondered, incidentally, why both you and Mr. Buckley insist on placing an "s" at the end of the verb. In Hildegarde's almost-forgotten theme song the phrase was "Darling, je vous **aime** *beaucoup,"* **aime** *being in agreement with the subject "je." So, while we were sorely tempted to change his* **ames** *to* **aime,** *we said to ourselves, "No, Reid knows what he's doing. And by god, we'll just run it the way he wrote it."*

Another Precinct Heard From

Gentlemen:

I am disappointed in your magazine. A Civil War periodical concerned with the Confederacy would be refreshing. Instead, *The Southern Partisan* tries to apply nineteenth-century attitudes and arguments to contemporary issues, using Lee and other Southern heroes to sell its own opinions and to rekindle sectional animosity.

I happen to be an Alabamian, and a Christian as well. I am not a Communist or a bleeding-heart liberal. But I am offended by *The Southern Partisan's* militant, defensive, paranoid attitude. It is an embarrassment to the South and a disgrace to the men we profess to idolize.

Jennifer Davis
Auburn, Alabama

The Kind We Like

Gentlemen:

Let me begin by stating I am Southern and I'm thrilled at the tremendous articles written by your expert staff. It's been a long time in coming that the South has had such a voice that reveals the truth about what and why the that reveals the truth about why the War Between the States was fought. This Colossal effort on your part is going to take fire from all sides, just as the brave men in gray held their ground until overcome by overwhelming odds. The spirit lives on in most true Southerners. "Hold that line at all cost."

Mitchell Colvin
Jacksonville, Arkansas

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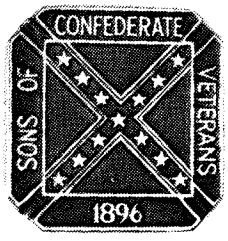

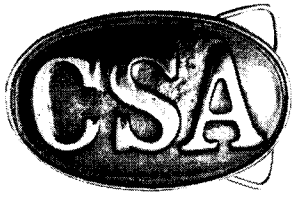

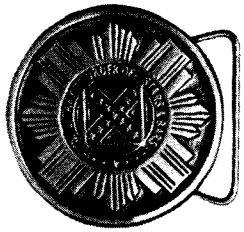

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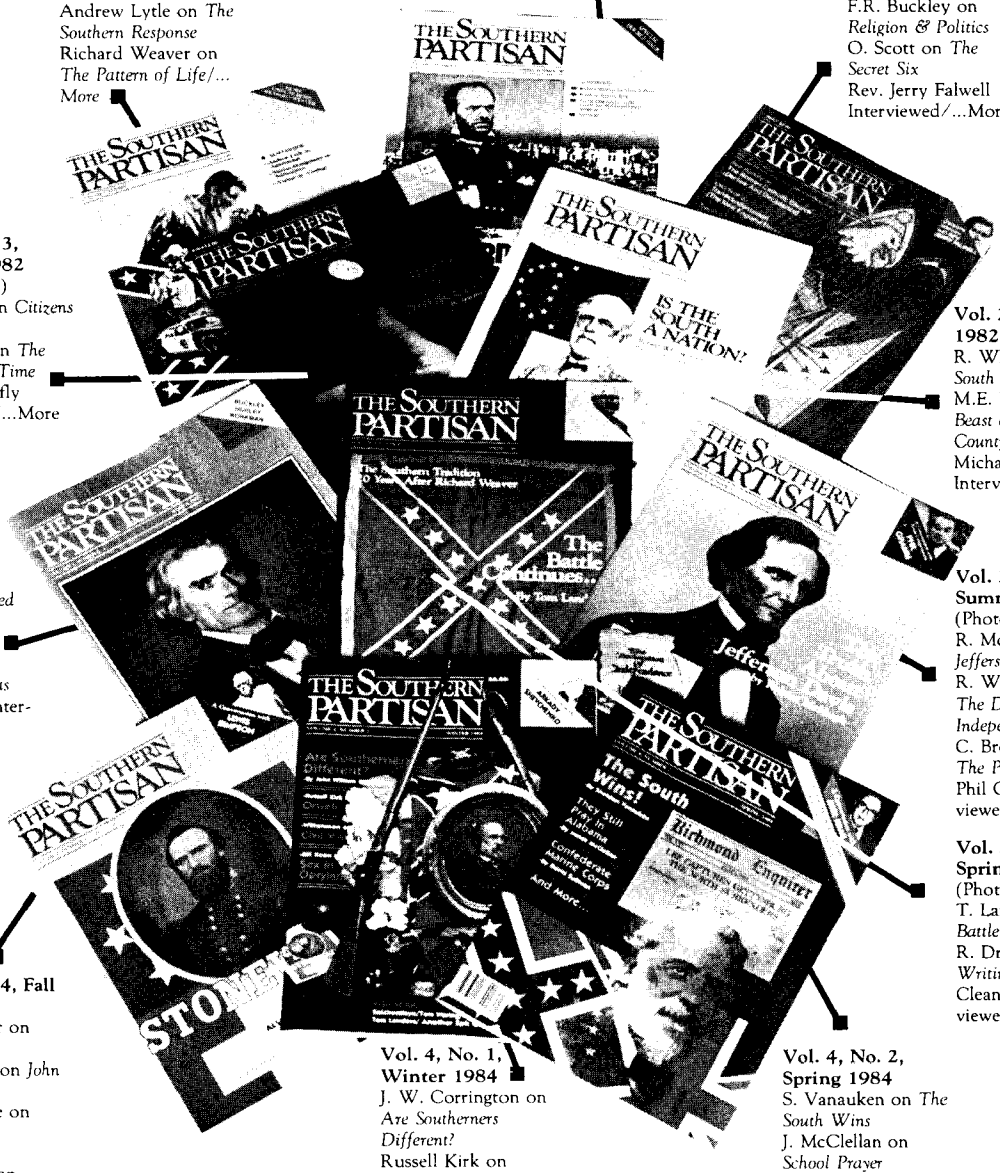
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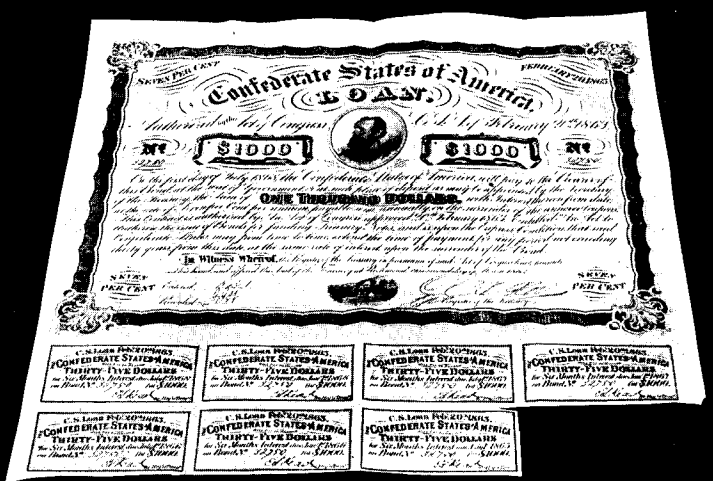

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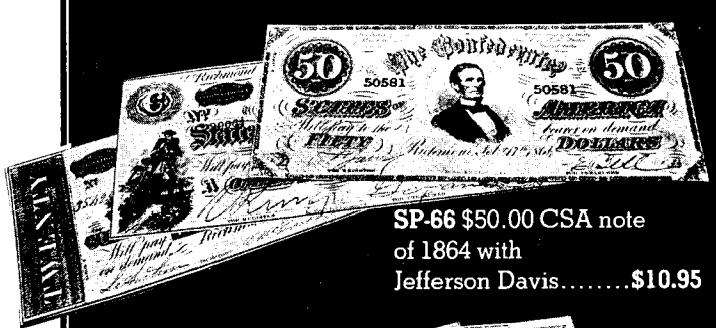

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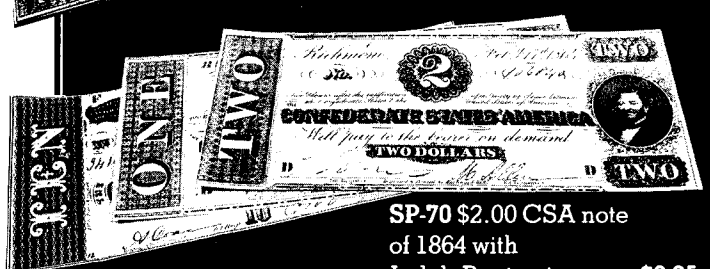

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AMERICAN EXPRESS

Partisan View

RICHARD QUINN

Make My Day

Southerners were amused to see *The New York* Times proclaim a shocking trend in America: citizens were actually defending themselves on the streets and in the subways; life in the city would never be the same again, especially for all those underprivileged children carving their way through puberty with sharpened screwdrivers.

The particulars of the case of Bernhard Goetz are not as interesting as the national debate the case has produced. (Maybe Mr. Goetz did go a little crazy. You'd have to be to move alone at night through the New York subway system.) But the reaction to Mr. Goetz was curious indeed. Mayor Ed Koch was undone, the veins on his bald head distended. "My God," he insisted on ABC's *Nightline*, "we just can't have citizens taking the law into their own hands."

What exactly does that mean? If not "the citizens" then in whose hands does the law belong? The Mayor's? The American Bar Association's? The NYC Police Department's(when they're not on strike)?

In a free society, the police are agents of the people, hired like lawyers and plumbers to do a job for which they are specifically trained and equipped. If your plumber fails you time after time, sooner or later, a clever man will invest in a set of wrenches. What then do we do when we become convinced that the police force is either unwilling or incompetent to provide the service? The alternatives are few and the most obvious, especially when a crime is in progress, is do-it-yourself justice.

Down South, at least in the smaller communities beyond the jurisdiction of Atlanta or the vice of Miami, we honor our citizens who take the law in their own hands. Generally we give them medals rather than indictments, provided that what they took in their hands was indeed "The Law" and that they took great care not to break it. The old tradition of self-defense and citizen's arrest is still respected in those parts of the country where citizens are regarded as something more than cattle to be herded and moved in straight lines.

The editors of *The New York Times* might benefit from reading a few Southern newspapers, the tiny little stories that we don't really regard as big front-page news. Just last year, for example, in one Southern town a group of citizens responded to the cries of a rape victim. The citizens chased the rapist several blocks, crawled after him under a house and took custody of the fellow until the police arrived. But before the criminal could be jailed for his crime, the police had to drop him off at the local hospital for a few days to recover from the custodial attention he had received from citizens who wanted to make certain he understood that they didn't approve of rape in their neighborhood.

Of course even in the South there has been a sad trend in law enforcement over the last twenty years, a trend toward early and easy release of violent criminals from over-crowded prisons and a recidivism rate that is nothing less than a scandal. Modern police methods too have made us cynical about the chances of justice through channels. Even in smaller cities, you may have to wait an hour for a policeman to come investigate a break-in, but if your parking meter expires downtown you can count on a ticket within seconds after the red flag pops up.

In a way, the modern age was ushered in by those damn parking meters, because they represent mechanized greed, somebody's bright idea for a little piece of technology to bleed pennies from honest citizens, a ticking reminder that time is running out on your freedom: Feed the meter or expire.

When parking meters were first installed in East Texas, farmers coming into town for supplies had a strong reaction against the malevolent devices. Some went so far as to decapitate the little bandits with their shotguns. Others preferred wrenching the heads off with their bare hands. It was an articulate way of telling the boys in City Hall that nobody was going to charge free men for parking on their own streets. Those were the days.

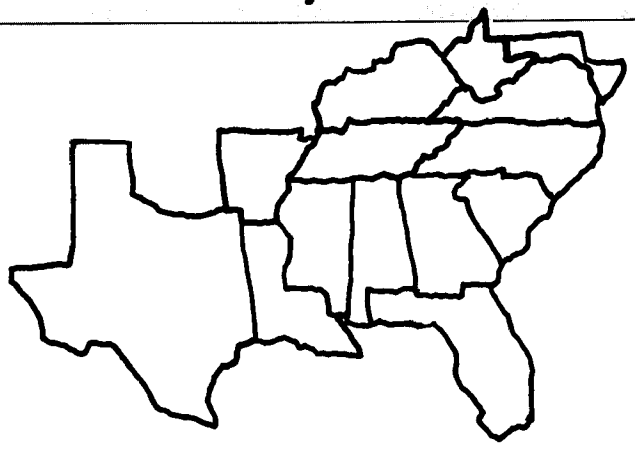
But Unfortunately, like all bureaucrats, the police are drawn to pockets of revenue. There is money to be made in the parking meter business but none in the lonely task of patrolling dark neighborhoods in the middle of the night. Moreover, you can always bet that the one place you won't find a policeman is in the high crime sections of town. But try doing 65 down an interstate for five minutes and you'll see so many blue lights you'd think you had Bonnie and Clyde in your back seat. If muggers were as vigorously prosecuted as speeders, who can doubt that poor Mr. Goetz would have left his pistol at home?

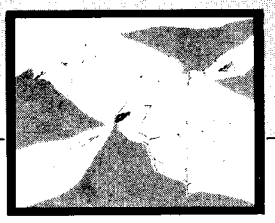
And let's be clear on this also: Southerners are still a lot better off than urban wretches like Mr. Goetz who barricade their apartments at night and pray when they have to walk the streets that the barbarians will allow them to live just a little longer.

No one feels more out of place than a Southerner visiting New York City. Hank Williams, Jr. even wrote a song about it, remembering the horror of being stuck there "busted flat with Dixie on my mind" and longing for the "freedom of the rivers and the pines." He also sang about what may no longer be just a Southern attitude toward the typical mugger who preys on the innocent, the weak and the helpless. "I'd like to spit some Beechnut in that dude's eye," Hank said "and blow him away with my 45."

In the meantime, if the "trend" Mr. Goetz started continues (they say crime is already down by 16% in the subway) maybe the Big Apple will eventually de-worm itself. Until that happens, we're all willing to accept the dictum that "Justice is mine sayeth the Lord." But somehow, ending that sentence with "...sayeth Mayor Koch" is not quite so convincing.

CSA Today





ALABAMA

In Anniston, Alabama they've just declared prostitution illegal, after a two-month debate over this morally complicated issue. As a matter of fact, the question was so fraught with ambiguity that the final vote was 3-2. We've tried to phone friends in Anniston in order to find out precisely what those two councilmen had to say in favor of the World's Oldest Profession, but they haven't returned our calls.

We did learn that Councilman Chester Weeks was opposed to the imposition of a $400 fine and 30 days in jail. He argued that the city should find other jobs for the girls instead of arresting them. In support of ole Chester's motion we hereby offer the following free ad:

> *Jobs wanted for attractive young women between the ages of 16 and 40. Salary requirements: $50,000 - $75,000 a year. Available only for short evening hours, usually between 8 P.M. and midnight. On call at other times. Applicants are friendly and enthusiatic but prefer not to stand or to sit during the performance of their duties.*

If you can offer such employment, please contact the city of Anniston, Alabama. And folks, hurry. They've got some mighty pathetic girls down there.

ARKANSAS

The past few weeks have been hard on Southern Chickens. First we heard that 2 million froze to death in Cullman, Alabama when ice buildups caused 75 broiler-house roofs to collapse. Now comes word that 8,400 of the poor things were inadvertently fried in Russellville, Arkansas as the result of an electrical short circuit.

All of this illustrates the increasing difficulties of farmers in a modern industrial society. Back in the old days, almost everybody raised his own chickens, and some farmers raised a few extras to sell to the city folks. If you were hit by a sudden freeze or the hen house caught on fire then you could probably eat half your losses and compensate for the rest by not buying that new suit when you went to town the following spring. Today even Arkansas farmers mostly operate on a larger scale and put all their hopes into a single crop, whether chickens or wheat. Then they're at the mercy of the elements or else the middleman, who makes all the profit in farm produce these days. There's got to be some solution to the increasing problems of American farmers, but thus far no one has come up with anything halfway credible. In the meantime, they have once again learned the bitter truth that lies behind the old adage "Don't count your chickens before they're hatched."

FLORIDA

Floridians are faced with a problem, and for the first time someone is proposing a political solution. The problem: 1.2 million residents of the Sunshine State told the U.S. Census in 1980 that they speak a language other than English. For 786,244 of them that language is Spanish, a result of the massive influx of Cuban refugees over the past twenty years.

As the result of these figures, concerned citizens have formed an organization, "Florida English," which has begun to collect signatures for a petition to place an amendment on the ballot in 1986 to make English the official language of the state. Led by former state Representative Robert Melby of St. Petersburg, Florida English is dead serious about all of this and is supported in its activities by no less a national figure than former U.S. Senator from California S.I. Hayakawa, who in addition to his political activities is world famous as an expert on linguistics and semantics.

When asked why he supported such an amendment, Hayakawa told an Orlando reporter: "It would stop the proliferation of those efforts on the part of the Chinese or the Spanish or any other group to perpetuate their culture in such a way as to guarantee that the second, third, and fourth generations of those same members would remain just as Chinese or Spanish as they are now. That is, the rest of us as immigrants came into this country and after a generation or two we are less Japanese or less French or less German than our grandfathers. But some immigrants want to stop that process and keep them completely what they were when they came."

We're glad that Hayakawa, a Japanese American said it instead of us. Because if we'd said it our post office box would have filled up with ugly little notes from the Bullyboys of Virtue.

GEORGIA

Howard Jones is going home, God bless him! After seven years on death row, where he was sent for killing a guard during an armed robbery, Jones is about to be released. The reason? His conviction was overturned in August and a new trial ordered. But Decatur District Attorney Bob Wilson is reluctant. It seems that nobody knows where the evidence is, including the murder weapon, a prime exhibit in the trial. "The case could not be tried again," Wilson brooded, so there's an end to the matter.

And what does Jones intend to do? According to his attorney, Guy Notte, "He's going to try to pick up his life." What a lucky guy. As for the guard, Jones already killed, well, he won't be able to pick up his life, will he?

KENTUCKY

Pretty soon E.Q. will be a year old and ready for a claiming race. If you don't remember who E.Q. is, it's the watchmacallit that was born to a quarter horse mare and a zebra last year. Striped and looking mighty peculiar, E.Q. has just been moved in with a normal colt in hopes that the 225-pound curiosity won't "develop the wild nature of most zebras."

The truth is that zebras are mean knockers who are too short and stubby to break any track records at Churchill Downs. However, given the nature of his background, — perhaps they'll run E.Q. in the Derby this year and give him a half-track headstart.

LOUISIANA

New Orleans is about to lose the saints, and what's to be done about it? Who, oh who will save the team?

Why Gov. Edwin Edwards, that's who — known throughout the region for his willingness to spend public bucks on such important matters as parties and race tracks.

Edwards' solution -- take $25 million and give it to the A.M. Pritzker family of Chicago so they can buy the team and leave it in the Superdome for the next 30 years. On second thought — why not just give the Pritzkers enough money to buy the whole state? That way *everybody* will be taken care of.

MARYLAND

Ageism has reared its ugly head in Maryland and has been summarily struck down by the egalitarions in the state senate. It seems that some folks wanted to discriminate against teenagers by denying them the right to be executed for heinous crimes. Opponents of this exclusion pointed out that the U.S. Supreme Court requires uniform application of the death penalty, and the exemption of minors was defeated by a vote of 26-21.

Just when you think we're not making progress toward the establishment of absolute equality in the U.S., a story like this comes along to warm your heart and give you renewed hope.

MISSISSIPPI

Small farmers in Mississippi are fed up with Congressman Jamie Whitten, claiming that he has used his perennial position on the Senate Agriculture Subcommittee to help monstrous corporate farms at the expense of smaller operations. In fact, rumor has it that Whitten, who has held his seat since 1941, will be opposed by a representative of this group, who chooses to remain anonymous until he's ready to announce.

Curious, we contacted this North Mississippi farmer, and he told us that, yes, he was indeed planning to run, probably on the Republican ticket, and he confided that for the first time private polls indicate that Whitten was vulnerable — and ironically on the very issue that has always been regarded as his chief strength.

"If we don't do something in a hurry," Whitten's unannounced opponent told us, "there won't be any small farmers left. And when that happens, everybody will be sorry."

MISSOURI

Missouri is the latest state in the Union to consider a bill requiring automobile passsengers to wear seat belts. As we go to press the Senate has already approved the measure and has sent it on to the House for final passage. Eventually such laws will be commonplace in the U.S., probably the rule rather than the exception, despite the fact that they raise significant legal and philosophical questions.

For example, to what degree is it the responsibility of government to protect people from their own carelessness? If we carry this principle too far soon it will be a felony to go out in the cold without buttoning up your overcoat. On the other hand, seat belt laws may indeed save lives.

Unfortunately none of these considerations seem to be uppermost in the minds of the Missouri legislature. The big issue is the possibility of luring General Motors to build a huge Saturn assembly plant in the state. G.M., after all, has urged the states to pass seat belt laws in order to forestall federal legislation mandating air bags, which would cost everybody lots of money. As Missourian T.S. Eliot once pointed out, the ultimate modern sin is to do the right thing for the wrong reason.

NORTH CAROLINA

Correspondent Boyd Cathey files the following report from the Tarheel State on Operation Switch: One-hundred and fifteen years ago North Carolina Governor Zebulon B. Vance and former United States Senator William Alexander Graham led the remnants of the State's Whig Party, effectively creating a one-party domination in the Old North State which has been seriously challenged only twice since then. Similar events occurred all over the defeated post-war Southland as prominent Whig leaders and Whig faithful had no other place to go in the face of defeat and Northern occupation.

Southern political sentiment has been consistently conservative over the years, but party registration has remained Democratic, especially for primary battles and local contests. "The Solid (Democratic) South" continued as such up until recent memory. But events now seem to suggest that North Carolina and the south as a whole may indeed be on the verge of another dramatic shift in party affiliation.

In 1984 North Carolina elected five Republican Congressman (out of eleven), and a change of four thousand votes would have sent two more GOP Legislators to Washington. Former Congressman James Martin became--by 54% of the vote--only the second Republican governor the State has elected in this century. In the most expensive and in some ways the bitterest senatorial election of recent history Senator Jesse Helms has withstood a tremendous challenge from outgoing Democratic governor James B. Hunt. And Republicans doubled their representation in the State Senate and House of Representatives.

Accordingly, the Reagan administration is watching closely the results of what has been called "Operation Switch", a campaign launched in North Carolina recently to encourage disaffected conservative Democrats to change their party registration to Republican. The effort has the strong support of both Governor Jim Martin and United States Senator Jesse Helms.

Recent Republican victories in North Carolina have depended on three factors: old style Piedmont and Mountain Republicans, very conservative Helms-Congressional Club-New Right supporters, and disgruntled conservative Democrats. Any effort to create a new conservative Republican consensus in North Carolina must involve all three. The willingness of Senator Helms and Governor Martin to collaborate in the effort is significant, since in the past there has been some friction between old-line Republicans (represented by former Governor James Holshouser) and "New Right" Republicans (championed by Senator Helms). Martin and Helms have let it be known that they wish to work harmoniously. And with strong support from Senator Helms, Governor Martin may just be the man to pull off such an operation.

Shortly after his election Martin, in a move that sent shock waves through the State Democratic hierarchy, appointed two of North Carolina's top Democrats--outgoing Lieutenant Governor Jimmy Green and former Charlotte Mayor Eddie Knox (along with former Republican Governor James Holshouser) to a new Government Relations Advisory Council to help him push his legislative program through the General Assembly. Green was an unsuccessful conservative candidate in the Democratic gubernatorial primary last year; and Knox, also unsuccessful in the bitter Spring primaries, later became national co-chairman of "Democrats for Reagan". His wife and brother endorsed both Helms and Martin in the general election. Former Governor Holshouser represents the Republican "old guard". Thus all the elements of a possible future new majority are represented. Conservative Jimmy Green is to be chairman of the advisory council, and both he and Knox are mentioned as possible switches.

Already the State chairman of the "Democrats for Helms" election committee, J.T. Knott, has announced he will re-register Republican early in 1985: "The vast majority of the people in North Carolina spoke loud and clear [on November 6, 1984]. They are looking for more conservative leaders." In one eastern North Carolina county some twenty-five local Democratic notables have reportedly decided to change their registrations en masse. Republican Party officials are hoping something similar will occur all over North Carolina.

If leaders of the calibre and clout of Green and Knox should make the change, followed by many rank and file Democrats, North Carolina politics could be radically changed for years to come, and the era ushered in by Zebulon B. Vance.

SOUTH CAROLINA

William Gilmore Simms was an important figure of nineteenth-century Southern literature and author of the best history of his native South Carolina. His granddaughter Mary C. Simms Oliphant revised the history for use in the public schools in 1915, and "Miss May" has lovingly and professionally continued to revise the State history on a regular basis since that date.

Now the new State Board of Education has removed the Simms-Oliphant history, because they say it's "inappropriate" and "too advanced," for the diminished intellects of the current generation.

A new south college professor has been given the task of rewriting the State's history with the charge of reporting The War Between The States from a "national perspective" and characterizing reconstruction as a milestone of "social progress." In the meantime, we suggest that parents concerned about teaching their children the true history of the Palmetto State hasten to contact the State Department of Education and obtain a copy of the Simms history before they fire up the incinerators.

TENNESSEE

Vanderbilt University, one of the stodgier members of the Southeastern Conference, has been in the news recently as the result of body-building drugs which apparently have been dispensed to Vanderbilt athletes via a Tennessee pharmacy. Ironically, Vanderbilt has not really emphasized athletics in the way other SEC schools have, and this scandal has raised questions that the university's officials never thought they would have to answer.

While some alumni argue that the athletic program should be beefed up to compete with the likes of Alabama, Georgia, and Tennessee; others maintain that given Vanderbilt's formidible academic reputation, SEC competition should be eliminated. The latter opinion probably won't prevail, but the truth is that schools like Vanderbilt and Duke are academically comprised by sports in a way that large public institutions are not--and this latest controversy only emphasizes that point.

TEXAS

Billionaire Ross Perot, the man who carried on his own successful rescue operation in Iran, while Jimmy Carter's helicopters were crashing, is now attempting to rescue the Texas

educational system from its alleged mediocrity. Appointed by Governor Mark White to head an educational task force, Perot's report has shocked the Bureaucrats with its wildly radical pronouncements.

Among other things, Perot has said that children should be required to attend school, that widespread absenteeism is bound to affect the quality of their performance, that you just can't let them play hooky forever. He has suggested that a minimal attendance be required for graduation, and in so doing he has made a lot of folks angry.

But even more maddening is his suggestion that athletes be required to pass their courses before they can participate in team sports. The high school coaches of Texas, known throughout the state for their commitment to intellectual excellence, have charged that Perot's standards are too severe, and that in addition they are "racist."

But perhaps the most controversial of all the recommendations is that teachers--even the established ones--be required to pass a standardized proficiency test in order to retain their jobs. Who ever heard of a teacher having to pass a test? Teachers *give* tests, they don't take them. Any first-year member of the Texas Education Association knows *that*.

VIRGINIA

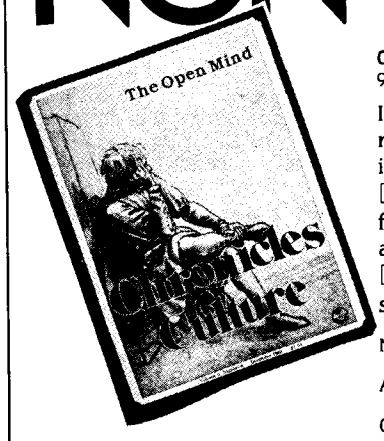
Virginia prison officials have been skewered on the horns of a dilemma, and as a result you may soon be hearing the loudest cries of indignation since the Republicans broke into the Watergate. You may recall that on May 31 of 1984, six inmates escaped from death row at Mecklenburg Correctional Center; and in recent weeks authorities at that institution have been hearing rumors that another outbreak was being planned. Since the last one cast doubts on the competency of the institution's staff, they were determined it wasn't going to happen again. So they took action.

Well, *somebody* did. As we go to press all the authorities will admit is that somebody obtained a court order from an unidentified Mecklenburg Circuit Judge to tap the telephones used by death row inmates to communicate with their attorneys. This action was taken by an unidentified "department investigator" who believed the court order "authorized him to record death row telephone conversations." This in turn was carried out by unidentified persons without the knowledge of anybody who mattered. The new warden didn't know. The Corrections Director didn't know. The governor didn't know. Neither did Tip O'Neill. None of the good guys knew. It was all done by the bad guys and thus far they seem to have covered their tracks pretty well.

Before this magazine reaches our readers we're certain that Governor Charles "Lynda Bird" Robb will have found someone to blame for all this unidentified mischief, someone lowly and expendable. With the ACLU already breathing down his neck, it is essential that he throw a warm, blood-filled body to the wolves. In the meantime, sensible Virginians are more worried about the prospect of escaped murderers roaming the countryside than the civil rights of prisoners who have been condemned to death in an age when only the most brutal and obscene crimes are punishable by execution.

As we said, it's a genuine dilemma.

AT LAST, A JOURNAL OF OPINION THAT'S DECIDEDLY NON-LIBERAL



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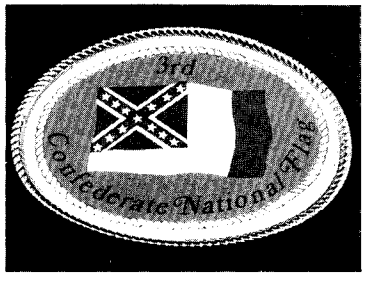

Need an "any occasion" gift? Have you had a difficult time finding that unique gift item? How about a unique gift that is useful and a collector's item all in one? Enjoy these belt buckles all year long featuring the "Flags of the South." Each flag has been designed and produced in full color.

Featured in the new collection are the following: The Confederate Bonnie Blue Flag, The 1st Confederate National Flag (Stars and Bars), The 2nd Confederate National Flag (Stainless), The 3rd Confederate National Flag (Wide Panel), The Confederate Battle Flag (Square), The Confederate Battle Flag (Naval Jack), The Union/Confederate 33 Star Flag, Lee's Personal Headquarters Flag.

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Measuring a full 2¾" x 3¾", these oval buckles will fit any 1½" leather belt and although they look great with jeans, they will add a touch of "Confederate Class" to any casual outfit.

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Trivium

TOM LANDESS

The Good Old Bad Old Days

Three recent items indicate the degree to which the disease is spreading: not a new and exotic malady like AIDS, but a slightly more virulent strain of something that's been around for almost a century and a half. Unfortunately, no one seems to care. No one has founded a tax-exempt foundation to fight the virus, to search for a cure. No comedian or actress has volunteered to serve as honorary chairman. Those of us who are its victims simply suffer behind closed doors or else smile public smiles and shrug our shoulders.

The first item appeared on *60 Minutes* and was narrated by Ed Bradley, a black reporter. It concerned Rosewood, a small town in North Florida, where a terrible thing had occurred — a race riot in which a mob of whites attacked a black community, killing some of the residents and driving the rest into the swamps, where they hid for days until it was safe to come out. Bradley rehearsed the whole sordid story, interviewed survivors and offered sober reflections on their testimony. And when did this all take place? The 1980s? The 1970s? No, in the 1920s, more than a half century ago.

The second item concerned the renovation of an old building in Macon, Georgia. It seems that a private utility firm decided to modernize an old landmark and put it into use again, but there was one problem — the station had concrete signs marking the WHITE and COLORED entrances; and a state legislator, Billy Randal, insisted that the company be forced to leave the relics of segregation in place. When company spokesmen suggested that most people's sensibilities would best be served by removing the vestiges of that era, the black legislator was adamant, determined to bring sufficient pressure to bear on the company to block the proposed sign changes, despite the fact that an overwhelming number of Macon blacks wanted the signs removed.

The last item is a short one — a notice in the newspapers that the National Endowment for the Humanities has approved a grant application to establish a museum in Mississippi that will memorialize the cruelty of white people toward blacks. This museum will feature relics of slavery and Jim Crow, indeed every conceivable reminder that race relations in the region were once worse than they are today. The museum will be fulfilling a need, says the happy recipient of the grant, since black children don't know how badly their parents and grandparents were treated, living as they are in more pleasant and amicable circumstances.

What manner of disease is this that has reached epidemic proportions over the past five years? What kind of damage will it ultimately do to the body politic? It is not like sickle-cell anemia, peculiar to blacks. PBS in particular has sponsored program after program in which they return to the days of segregation, complete with jerky, black-and-white film clips, recollections not only from aging blacks, but also from grey-haired bent-backed whites, who pat themselves on the back for once belonging to the ACLU or the ADA. Indeed one contemporary series is devoted exclusively to a retrospective on Jim Crow and other more flamboyant atrocities. There are, it seems, a lot of people who want to talk about the Good Old Bad Old Days.

And that's strange, isn't it? You'd think that instead of trying to perpetuate a half-remembered sense of hurt and injury people would want to foster better healthier feelings in the young folks. As Christians and as good citizens we're enjoined not to hold grudges against those who have sinned against us. Particularly when there has been a legitimate attempt to redress wrongs. Nursing old injuries is not just wicked, it's self-destructive, the kind of conduct that sends you off the deep end and costs you $100 an hour, twice a week, if you're lucky enough to stay out of the state mental hospital.

The justification for all this endless rehearsal of our past sins is as empty-headed as it is trivial, an obvious excuse for sentimental self-indulgence. They say that they want to keep the old images in front of people's eyes, just so these practices won't crop up again to plague society. But this won't happen, we're told, if we keep seeing films about the 30s and 40s. Not if we establish museums to perpetutate the techniques of racial persecution. Not if we keep the old signs over the railroad station doors. It's funny, but I would have guessed that the very opposite would have been true — that the quicker people forgot about the Good Old Bad Old Days the less likely they would be to revive these customs and laws. If old Uncle Charlie once molested little children, we don't keep a photograph of his obscene acts in our front parlor, just to remind the kids not to do the same thing when they grow up. We turn Uncle Charlie's picture to the wall. We banish his name from family conversation. We hope that little, golden-haired Charlie III will never learn about what his namesake did and get too curious concerning the details.

But as a matter of fact we needn't really speculate about the way in which these resuscitations of ill will affect people. The *60 Minutes* segment put it in very concrete terms, despite the fact that Ed Bradley was clearly oblivious to the implications of his own interview. At one point his chief source of information, an ancient black woman, suddenly blurted out, "I'm bringing back memories I wisht I could get rid of." But Bradley continued to probe for pain, finally insisting that she summarize the significance of what she'd been forced to recall, that she tell young blacks who had never experienced such an atrocity just what it all finally meant. She thought a moment, Bradley prodded her, and she finally said that she guessed it meant you should never live near white people. In other words, what we really need is segregation — or better yet, apartheid.

Way to go, Ed! If you were only white, we could put your show in that Mississippi museum.

Obiter Dicta

The Unenlightened South

The South probably still trails the rest of the nation in per capita income and flush toilets, but we lead the country in more important statistics. Take, for example, executions. According to the latest figures on the subject, in the period between 1930 and 1964 Southern states executed 2,315 people as compared to 1,434 for the rest of the nation. And in the period from 1977 to 1985, after the reinstitution of capital punishment, 33 of 36 prisoners executed were executed by us.

Of these figures Walter Berns, resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute says, "The South has always been a little more vengeful than the rest of the country;" and John Ackerman, a former president of the National Association of Criminal Defense Lawyers explains it this way: "Southern culture has always been more punitive, less enlightened, that sort of thing."

In the first place, Walter Berns is is about as trustworthy on this subject as Konstantin Chernenko, despite the fact that Berns has written a book on capital punishment. He once told an audience at the University of Dallas that during Reconstruction the yankees were too lenient, that Southerners were lucky they weren't all put to the sword. (So much for who is and who isn't vengeful.)

Besides, vengeance is one thing, and justice another. Vengeance is likely to be personal, and emotional, while justice is communal and dispassionate. When a society carefully and deliberately tries a man, measures his crime against a legal yardstick, and meets out punishment accordingly, then the word "vengeance" is simply inappropriate. It's a pity that modern scholars can no longer make such distinctions. In Medieval times no one confused the meaning of such words. It is our greatest weakness as people, this inability to discuss moral and ethical matters with the same precision that we discuss computers and football.

Mr. Ackerman is closer to the truth than Mr. Berns. We simply are not "enlightened." That is, we have not accepted the basic premises of the "The Enlightenment," that period in Western history when modern materialism was first born. "Enlightened" people no longer believe in God and therefore no longer assume that the human heart is informed by a moral law that the criminal violates at his own risk.

"Enlightened" people also believe passionately, desperately in the supremacy of science, and it is the social scientists who have told us that all human conduct is predetermined and therefore that no one is responsible for his own actions. "Unenlightened" people believe that criminals must be held accountable for their crimes, and that extreme crimes invite, indeed *demand* extreme punishments.

The truth is that no one can remain "enlightened" except by ignoring the details and consequences of vicious crimes. Even if "enlightened" people can no longer do this, when they become victims themselves, then they take a more sensible view. It's awfully hard to believe that a man is not responsible for his actions when he's just kicked you in the teeth.

So we're pleased to know that we lead the country in the execution of criminals. By the way, we also have a lower overall recidivist rate than the rest of the country. We have found that 0% of our executed murderers kill again.

Atlanta Child Murders

Some prejudices die hard. Indeed, you get the distinct feeling that where the South is concerned, they're immortal.

Abby Mann, an old Hollywood leftist whose stilted and pretentious scripts have always been reviewed well because they were ideologically impeccable, has gotten into trouble recently over his treatment of the *Atlanta Child Murders,* screened in two nights by (who else) CBS. Indeed Mann has been called down by no less a figure of authority than Mayor Andrew Young of Atlanta, who has pointed out in a shrewd and unimpeachable critique that Mann's script distorts some of the facts, ignores others, and fictionalizes the majority of his scenes in order to promote the outrageous idea that the Atlanta child murderer was not Wayne Williams but a faceless cracker in black gloves who is still out there, restraining his racist and homicidal impulses in order to fool the public.

To make this point Mann found himself in an uncomfortable position: he had to impugn the competency and the integrity of Atlanta's black mayor, a black police commissioner, and a predominately black city council. But believing that he was choosing the greater of two goods, he went ahead and suggested that Atlanta officials preferred railroading one of their own race to the heat they were taking from parents and the media.

Mayor Young, a credible politician, made fast work of Mann in a confrontation on ABC's *Nightline,* but CBS ran the show anyway, albeit with a disclaimer, and Mann will probably pick up an Emmy sometime next year and make a speech on prime time, vindicating himself and his network from the just charge of slander.

It was good to see Andrew Young combating this kind of bigotry, which is different in kind, if not intensity, from anything that he has experienced as a black. Indeed, we suspect that as the years go by black and white Southerners will more and more find themselves on the same side in dealing with the regional bigotry which has harmed both races since Reconstruction. For thirty years now the Abby Manns of the nation have used Southern blacks as a means of embarrassing and intimidating Southern whites. Now they want to fail us all with a fine impartiality. So be it. When we stand together in these matters we are stronger and more determined. Indeed, if the Yankees push us too far we may eventually prove to be invincible.

IRS

In case you haven't already read about it, Congress has finally made it official: If you lend money to your Children without charging them interest, then you will have to pay taxes on the interest you didn't collect. The IRS calls it "imputed interest," and they say because you didn't deposit the money in the bank, you are somehow attempting to avoid taxes, so they're going to tax you on the income you didn't make.

Of course there's a bright side to all this: your children can actually claim a deduction for the interest they didn't pay. If all this sounds like something out of *Brave New World* remember that for a significant portion of its history the Christian Church believed that it was wicked to charge interest on loans; indeed, as conservative a thinker as the late C.S. Lewis still worried about whether or not capitalism was immoral. (He was certain that communism was.) Now the IRS is instructed to penalize people for not charging interest on their loans.

There are some ethical questions that simply don't need to be argued because their answers are apparent to any sensible person. This matter falls into such a category. What the government is doing here is not only wildly irrational but it is also manifestly wicked. It must be stopped.

Eric Voegelin, Rest In Peace

Unnoticed by the national opinion makers, Eric Voegelin died recently, rich in years and achievement. However, because he was too esoteric and too revolutionary in his thought, Voegelin never achieved the academic recognition he deserved. Only recently have many of our best minds come to realize that he was the most important thinker of the twentieth century.

One of several important conservative thinkers who fled from a radical Nazi Germany, Voegelin published books that were completely original and which reinvented political thought for the twenty-first century. In *The New Science of Politics* and *Science, Politics and Gnosticism* Voegelin showed precisely what was wrong with contemporary philosophy and how it could be corrected. And what he said was really beyond contradiction, supported by an invincible logic and abundant evidence.

In his later years he wrote a magnificent history of the world's greatest civilizations, demonstrating conclusively that what made them great was not economic or political predominance, but an essentially religious vision of life, one which informed every phase of human activity.

This multi-volume study, *Order in History,* tells us more about the corruption of our own age than the work of any other modern historian, yet it is entirely preoccupied with the past.

In his last years Voegelin was surrounded by the brightest and most imaginative young minds of the West, German , English, French, American, and Southern. For this reason there is no doubt that his influence in, say, twenty years will be greater than it is today. In a hundred years, of course, it will be all-pervasive.

Voegelin, who was a philosopher rather than a theologian, never committed himself to any faith. But his contribution to a defense of Christendom has earned him a place in that realm of stars that the poet Dante described in his *Parasido.* And it is from this vantage point that he now contemplates the pure, abstract beauty of God, which he surely recognized the moment he saw it.

Lee Snubbed

Robert E. Lee's birthday was celebrated in Washington this year at a majestic ceremony sponsored jointly by the United Daughters of the Confederacy and the Sons of the Confederate Veterans. The service was held at Statuary Hall, where the wreaths were placed before the magnificent likeness of General Lee which was given to the capital by the commonwealth of Virginia over fifty years ago. And for all those years, on the day of Lee's birth, a wreath has been placed in the name of the President of the United States--all of those years, we should say, except this year. This year, the Reagan White House said sorry, no wreath.

Organizers for the occasion attempted to persuade the White House to reconsider. In fact, one SCV member went so far as to contact the aide to the President in charge of ceremonial wreaths to appeal for reconsideration. The man in charge was a Mr. Ed Hickey from New York who explained that the decision was firm. "No wreath," he said, "for budgetary reasons."

Our friend persisted and said he would pay for the cost of the wreath ($25) out of his own pocket if it could be presented in the President's name. "No way," said Mr. Hickey. "The only way I'll approve this is if I get a direct order from the chief."

You mean President Reagan?

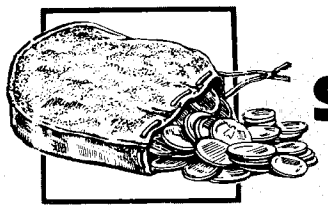
"No. I mean Chief of Staff James Baker." He spoke as if he had just uttered the name of a diety.

So there was no wreath for Robert E. Lee. But that's not all. On Inauguration Day there were other indignities.

It was OK to wear Yankee Blue uniforms in the Inaugural Parade but not OK to wear Confederate Gray. You see, Confederate begins with a "C" and that stands for Constitution and that means trouble in the Potomac River City.

And although the Inaugural Committee originally listed the Confederate Memorial Hall Museum as a place of interest in their official schedule of events and guide book, after they got their heads together with the White House, all listings of social events referring to the South or Southern Voters of the Confederacy were spiked. You see, such references were regarded as "controversial." It apparently bothers no one that the South provided the base of Mr. Reagan's victory both this time and last.

Oh well, we Southerners know all about poor relatives and how to handle them. See y'all next election. Bye now.



The Scalawag Award

James Baker, III is from Texas by way of Tennessee; but his sensibilities are pure Harvard, where he went to school and learned that the facts of life are economic. As Ronald Reagan's chief of staff he has run the country with as cold a hand and heart as anyone in history. As a consequence, the Reagan Administration has too often reflected nothing more than the narrow concerns of big business and party professionals. There has been no genuine attempt to implement the Reagan social program. Reagan foreign policy has been almost indistinguishable from that of the previous administration. There have been no Southerners in the cabinet since the brief tenure of James Edwards.

Anyone in Texas will tell you that Baker has always been nothing more than a technocrat, though certainly the slickest, most ingratiating one that state's party has produced. Baker sees politics as a serious game whose object is not to enact programs of importance or to restore order but to wield power, to control appointments, to reward friends, and to punish enemies, not on the basis of sheer principles but mutual self interest.

Baker has been behind most of the problems that good Southerners have had in obtaining appointment in the Reagan Administration. All of this is well-known to long-time Reagan supporters in the region who have been passed over or discredited while former members of the Bush Campaign Organization have gotten the plums. Many disillusioned Reaganites have been saying that if their man is so naive to let Baker manipulate him in this way, then he should never have been elected in the first place.

Baker represents something terrifying in the soul of modern man—a quiet, pleasant contempt for all those feelings that used to move people to support candidates like Reagan: the restoration of traditional morality, the restriction of an ill educated and arrogant federal bureaucracy, the maintenance of a communal strength in the face of ideological madness abroad. Baker, with a soft explanation and a bland smile, has reduced all of these one-important commitments to dangerous foolishness or else concerns to be deferred till another day, another president, another term. Baker has made the whole administration look like a gang of gentlemen pirates in three piece suits—Ronald Reagan included.

Somehow we thought we'd already given the Scalawag Award to Baker. We have, after all, given it to far less deserving people. A shocking oversight. But perhaps this is the most appropriate time, after all, for this recognition—at the beginning of his second term as acting President of the United States.

Finally, Mr. Baker has achieved the cabinet post he has apparently sought, head man over the national money supply, the only thing that really matters to Republicans from the old Rockefeller wing. We can only wait and see whether the reassignments President Reagan has described as a "change of chairs" will result in a change of vision. We'll keep you posted.

Publisher's Note

The Shavano Institute was founded in 1981 in Golden, Colorado, as the "outreach" division of Hillsdale College in Hillsdale, Michigan. The Institute (whose purpose is to bring together businessmen, community leaders, and others from various professions to attend lectures given by distinguished speakers on crucial national and international issues) holds seminars in different regions of the country.

In October of 1984, the Southeastern regional meeting convened at Hilton Head, South Carolina. Those present heard James Watt dilate on some of his difficulties as Interior Secretary and on the necessity to shrink government (a Southern theme, that!); Charles Lichtenstein, alternate U.S. Representative to the U.N. for political affairs, discussed the misperceptions concerning the Soviet threat and in the evening John Anderson of the Liberal Establishment served up a nice little pep-talk for Fritz and Gerri. The next morning Robert Bleiberg, Editor of *Barron's National and Financial Weekly* made some projections on the economy (optimistic); and George Roche, president of Hillsdale College, closed out the seminar exhorting the attendees to return home and put into practice what they had learned from the speakers and in discussion sessions.

Hillsdale College has, of course, been informing our culture for many years. No finer institution can be found anywhere in the world. Now we have the Shavano Institute as a new outreach arm bring life-giving ideas into a world in peril. We wish them well.

—C.S.H.

THE PARTISAN DICTIONARY

Poverty = The condition of a person who has less money than his vote is worth.

Mainstream = That which flows downhill.

Immigration = The process by which every nation is founded and every nation destroyed.

Bigotry = Holding a grudge not sanctioned by the establishment.

Ambition = In some jungles, ambition is the desire to get a head.

Traditionalism = The desire to repeat old errors rather than to invent new ones.

Displeasure = Long ago, when a king became displeased with his favorites, the penalty ranged from lowering the boon to lowering the boom.

—Robert W. Whitaker

Why Yankess Won't (and can't) Leave The South Alone

Matth. 15.13. *Every plant which mine heavenly Father hath not planted should be rooted up.*

Puritans
Of God, Of Man, Of the Divell.
Loe, here are three men, standing in degree,
The least of these, the greatest ought to be.
The other two, of men and of the Devill,
Ought to be rooted out for ere a evill.

by Forrest McDonald

Southerners rarely while away their leisure hours by contemplating Yankees, for there is no point in thinking of unpleasant things if one is not obliged to do so. Yet the practice does have value; to some extent, at least, we are defined by those attributes which set us apart from others, and sometimes we can be made award of such attributes only by observing people who do not share them. Another virtue of thinking about Yankees, in the long run perhaps a more important one, is that it serves to remind us that they have repeatedly tried to make us over in their own image. Indeed, though it may seem that they have been off our backs since the demise of the civil rights movement, their latest campaign to reform us is actually well under way.

What is there about us that has made us so offensive to them? Or, conversely, what is there about them that has compelled them to meddle in our affairs? The late great Richard M. Weaver, in *The Southern Tradition at Bay,* addressed himself to analyzing the qualities that distinguish South from North, and for the nineteenth century he was perfectly on target. "The North had Tom Paine and his postulates assuming the virtuous inclinations of man," Weaver wrote; "the South had Burke and his doctrine of human fallibility and of the organic nature of society." The North embraced rationalism and egalitarianism; the South had a "deep suspicion of all theory, perhaps of intellect," and clung to a hierarchical and deferential social order. The North bowed down before science and material progress; the South "persisted in regarding science as a false messiah," and remained into "our own time" (the 1940s) *"the last non-materialist civilization in the Western World."*

Penetrating as Weaver's analysis was, however, it is accurate for only one phase of Yankee history. The Yankees were the way they were long before they began to worship the Almighty Dollar, and their intellectual heirs are still that way even though most of them now espouse socialism or some approximation of it. The psyche of the Yankee — by which I do not mean all Northerners, but only seventeenth-century New England Puritans and their descendants, both genetic and ideological — has roots that run deep, and ultimately

To the Yankee's ever-changing concept of the nature of God thus it is that, in regard to the shaping of the New England character, various errors,heresies, nay even blasphemies, figure prominently. To get a handle on the Yankee, it is helpful to begin with his original Calvinism, and especially with the doctrine of predestination: the belief that most men are doomed and a few are elected for salvation, not by faith or works or any other act of human volition, but only in accordance with a preordained and unknowable divine plan. It might seem that that premise precludes speculation by the puny human intellect, that is logical disputation and inspires unlimited arrogance.

The essence of gnosticism as mindset is the absolute, unquestioning certainty that one is possessed of the Truth. Now it may be objected that there is nothing peculiar to the Yankee about this, for many and possibly most Southerners are unquestioning in their religious faith.

For instance, during the seventeenth century the prevailing orthodoxy was that those who were chosen for salvation would lead visibly pious lives, but it could be argued, as Anne Hutchinson did argue, that if the grace of God were in a person it made no difference how he behaved on earth. Such a doctrine was subversive both of community-enforced morality and of community-enforced order, and could not be tolerated. Hutchinson and her followers were banished, as were others who deviated or dissented in any way; and yet deviation and dissent were endemic.

That is the first thing to understand about the Yankee: he is a doctrinal puritan, characterized by what William G. McLaughlin has called pietistic perfectionism. Unlike the Southerner, he is constitutionally incapable of letting things be, of adopting a live-and-let-live attitude. No departure from his version of Truth is tolerable, and thus when he finds himself amidst sinners, as he invariably does, he must either purge and purify the community or join with his fellow saints and go into the wilderness to establish a New Jerusalem. In other words, he must reform society or secede from it; and though he has long since been thoroughly secularized, the compulsion remains as strong in the twentieth century as it was in the seventeenth.

A second and related characteristic of the Yankee is that, as others have pointed out, he is a gnostic. Adherents of this heresy in ancient times regarded themselves as privy to "knowledge of the divine mysteries reserved to an elite"; the original Puritan counterpart was the Elect. The essence of gnosticism as a mindset is the absolute, unquestioning certainty that one is possessed of the Truth. Now it may be objected that there is nothing peculiar to the Yankee about this, for many and possibly most Southerners are unquestioning in their religious faith. But there are profound differences. One is that Southerners have always confined their belief in their certain knowledge to a few simple points of religious faith which are accessible to all, whereas the content of the Yankee's Truth was esoteric and perennially shifting, even before it was secularized.

The example of the Reverend Aaron Burr (father of the political scoundrel of the same name) is instructive. In his youth Burr believed in free will and engaged in a great deal of uneasy negotiation with God, having "great Terrours and horrors from a guilty Conscience and the Fears of Hell" and obtaining "Relief by Promises and Resolutions." In college he reasoned himself "into a More thorough Reformation," read a number of suitable books, and "soon began to be well pleas'd with my Self"; at that stage he pitied the contemptible "Ignorance" of the evangelicals around him. In time, however, he had a conversion experience, abandoned the Arminian notion of free will, and adopted "the Calvinistical Doctrine"; and though he confessed

that parts of that doctrine were beyond his ken he nonetheless had "an inward Sense of these Truths."

Burr's transition from one certainty to another took place during the Great Awakening, which represented a profound break with seventeenth-century dogma; a generation later the Yankees embraced totalitarian republicanism and thought thereby to establish God's kingdom on earth. Lest this seem a trifle exaggerated even to confirmed Yankee-haters, I submit the following words from John Adams, written on the eve of independence. Republican government, Adams wrote, is superior to all others, if its principles are pure. But it "is only to be supported by pure Religion or austere Morals. Public Virtue cannot exist in a Nation without private, and public Virtue is the only Foundation of Republics. There must be a positive Passion for the public good, the public Interest, Honour, Power, and Glory, established in the Minds of the People, or there can be no Republican Government, *nor any real Liberty.*" This public passion, he added, "must be Superior to all private Passions. Men must be ready, they must pride themselves, and be happy to sacrifice their private Pleasures, Passions, and Interests, nay, their private Friendships and dearest Connections, when they stand in Competition with the Rights of Society."

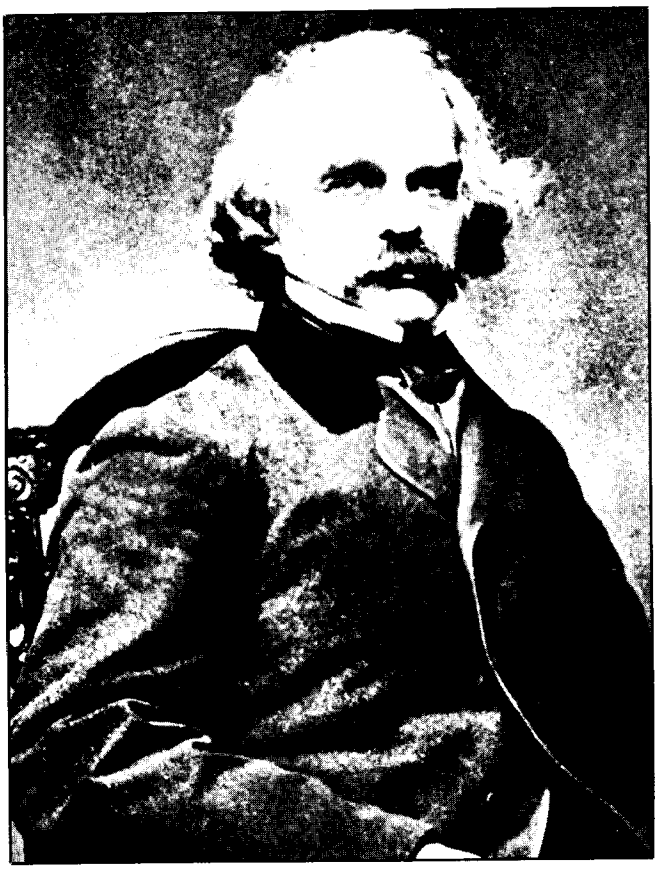
Before the end of the century that same John Adams was writing with the same dogmatic certainty that limited monarchy was the best guarantor of "real liberty," and his fellow Yankees were simultaneously embracing Unitarianism and materialism with equal self-assurance. And so on, generation after generation, even unto our own benighted epoch, in which Ivy League professors and presidents solemnly assure us that there are no inborn differences between men and women and that people who object to homosexuality and abortion-on-demand are religious fanatics. They are always wrong — or at least they cannot, by definition, have been right more than once — and yet they are always utterly certain and utterly impervious to argument.

Another difference between Southern and Yankee "certain knowledge" is more subtle and more important. The religious Southerner's conviction is normally a source of inner peace and contentment to him; and though a spirit of Christian charity may inspire him to share the joys of his faith, and even to spread the Gospel around the globe, he is devoid of the urge to force his faith upon others. Moreover, Southern missionaries have usually been interested only in saving souls, not in remaking societies. Not so with the Yankees, and in a brilliant book called *The Protestant Temperment: Patterns of Child-Rearing, Religious Experience and the Self in Early America,* the historian Philip Greven has analyzed the reasons. After predestinarianism went out of vogue in colonial New England, the new orthodoxy was that grace was a free gift from God, bestowed upon those He decided to save. As Jonathan Edwards preached in a sermon on "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," people "have no refuge, nothing to take hold of; all that preserves them every moment is the mere arbitrary will, and uncovenented, unobliged forbearance of an incensed God." Total submission and surrender, as Greven summarizes it, "were the only terms acceptable to God."

Quite apart from the lack of logic in such a theology (if God saves souls capriciously, it cannot matter to Him whether people are submissive or not) and apart

from the presumptuousness (in insisting that God will save only those who adopt a particular stance and that one knows what that stance is), this was not an easy message even for Yankees to swallow, for abject submission does not come naturally to man. To give nature a helping hand, parents systematically (and brutally) dedicated themselves to "breaking the will" of their children. And thus, Greven suggests, though Yankees were taught to suppress all anger, "feelings of anger and of rage, of resistance and of rebellion surged inside them." Moreover, they projected their inadmissible feelings of anger within the self upon the outside world. Consequently, "by becoming soldiers for Christ and warring against the unregenerated people of the world," they could "vent their anger and aggression on people who were neither their parents nor their God but who, nevertheless, by symbolizing both sin and authority, provided legitimate outlets for the hostility and rage suppressed so long." Thus Cromwell is the Yankee's prototype: seek the heathen out, give him a chance to save himself by embracing the prevailing Truth, and if he rejects the opportunity then run him through with a bayonet.

That predisposition was reinforced by a related aspect of what the late Perry Miller called the New England Mind. One of the forms that ancient gnosticism took was Manichaeism — the belief in two gods, a god of light and pure goodness and a god of darkness and pure evil — and a form of Manichaeism became firmly rooted in the Yankee character. In purely theological terms, of course, a variety of Manichaeism is also central to the religious beliefs of many Southerners: the human soul is a battleground in which God and the Devil perpetually contend for supremacy. But as with gnosticism, there are fundamental differences. To Southerners the struggle against evil is spiritual and internal. To Yankees, evil has been secularized at least since the early eighteenth century, and it has always been externalized.



The externalization of evil was powerfully characterized by Nathaniel Hawthorne in a penetrating and prophetic allegorical tale called "Earth's Holocaust." At the beginning of the story the world has become so overburdened with fraudulent and despicable things that its people decide to burn them on a huge plain in the west. First they throw into the flames all trappings of monarchy, nobility hereditary distinctions, and military honors. In vain, one man protests that the fire is "consuming all that marked your advance from barbarism or that could have prevented your relapse thither ...In abolishing the majestic distinctions of rank, society loses not only its grace, but its steadfastness." He is hooted down, and then the crowds, isolating another evil, bring in and add to the fire all the liquor in the world. Next come tea and coffee and tobacco, then fashionable clothing, then all symbols of family ties and love between the sexes; then come all the weapons and other instruments of war, and then all the means of capital punishment, followed by the title deeds to all property. At that point a "modern philosopher" declares that it is necessary to "get rid of the weight of dead men's thought which has hitherto pressed so heavy on the living intellect," and into the inferno go all the world's books and pamphlets. Finally, all the trappings of organized religion are cast into the flames, so that now "the wood-paths shall be the aisles of our cathedral; the firmament itself shall be its ceiling."

At the end of the story the last hangman, the last thief, the last murderer, and the last toper on earth are commiserating over the end of wickedness in the now purified world. But a stranger of "fearfully dark" complexion and eyes that glow redder than the bonfire shows up and urges them to be of good cheer, for "you shall see good days yet. There is one thing that these wiseacres have forgotten to throw into the fire, and without which all the rest of the conflagration is just nothing at all." Asked by the last murderer what that was, the stranger replies, "What but the human heart itself?" And he adds, "unless they hit upon some method of purifying that foul cavern, forth from it will reissue all the shapes of wrong and misery — the same old shapes, or worse ones — which they have taken such a vast deal of trouble to consume to ashes."

Hawthorne understood his Yankee neighbors better than they understood themselves.

There is one more crucial feature of the Yankee character that is ultimately theological in origin, and we shall turn to it in a moment. First, however, it will be helpful to take a brief but sweeping look at the Yankees' record as meddlers. For their first century and a half they pretty much minded their own business, which is to say one another's business. Then the Revolution and the establishment of the government under the Constitution brought them into contact with Southerners, and though Yankees and Southerners cooperated in bringing about independence, mutual antagonisms were not long in surfacing. For a considerable time Yankees were outnumbered in the national arena; and during the presidencies of Jefferson and Madison, when Southerners thoroughly dominated the federal government, New Englanders indulged themselves in a succession of secession movements.

But they bred like flies and they spread westward, infesting an area from Salem, Massachusetts, to Salem, Oregon, and a dozen Salems and New Salems in between. Yankees formed the backbone of the Republican Party of Abraham Lincoln, and it is unnecessary to rehearse here what that meant. There is, however, one important point to be made — one which, though obvious, few historians have been willing to make. The Yankees perceived slavery as an evil and stamped it out without giving any serious thought to the consequences. It hardly occurred to them that the former slaves needed preparation if they were to bear the awesome burdens and responsibilities of freedom. Consequently, the blacks were the principal victims of the Civil War, though the white South, too, lay devastated.

During the last quarter of the nineteenth century the Yankees abandoned their work of Reconstructing the South and turned outward, with a view toward uplifting the remainder of mankind. The Reverend Josiah Strong, a Congregationalist minister, expressed their mood: "This race of unequalled energy, with all the majesty of numbers and the might of wealth behind it — the representative, let us hope, of the largest liberty, the purest Christianity, the highest civilization — having developed peculiarly aggressive traits calculated to impress its institutions upon mankind, will spread itself over the earth." Out went the missionaries, carrying the Truth to the African, the Malay, the heathen Chinese, and teaching those shameless wretches to wear shoes and cover their nakedness with the products of the busy industrial plants of New England.

During the same epoch a far more sinister form of imperialism was also developing, and that was in the area of higher education. In antebellum times, though the South had lagged behind the North in primary and secondary education it had actually surpassed the North in the number (and possibly the quality) of its colleges. Those colleges declined after the war, however, and the establishment of land-grant colleges and the normal

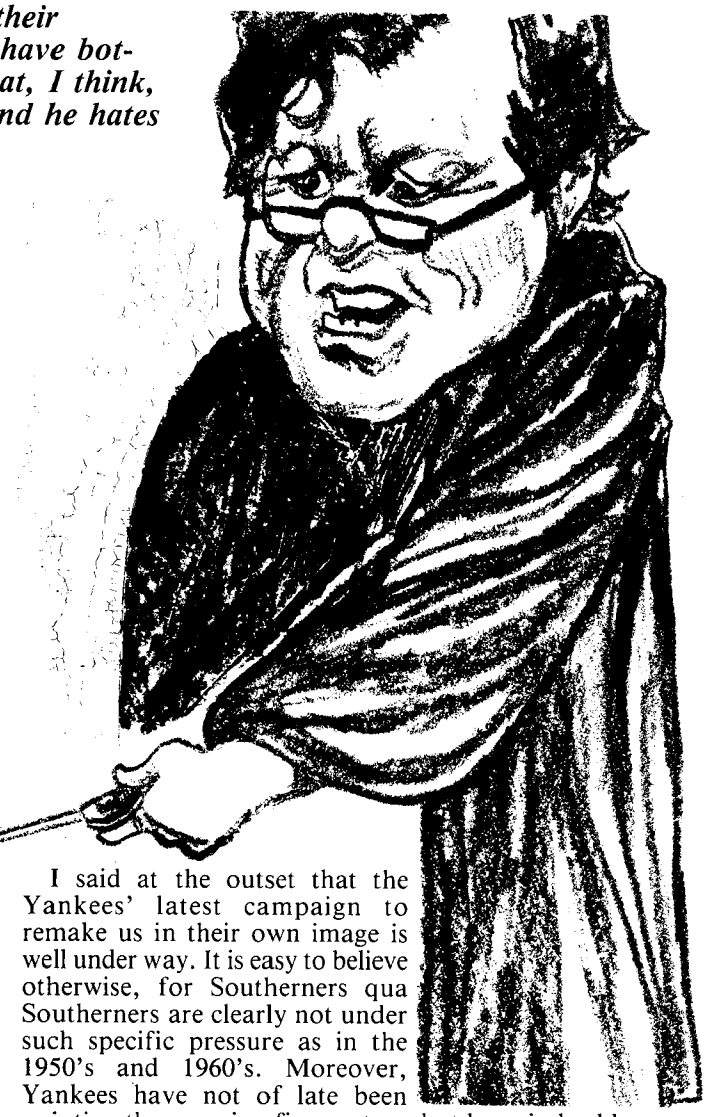
Somewhere, deep in the innermost recesses of their atrophied souls, Yankees know that they truly have botched things, and truly are plagued by guilt. That, I think, is the bottom line: the Yankee hates himself, and he hates his heritage.

school movement benefited the North much more than the South. More importantly, this was an age in which college education was being revolutionized by the introduction of the graduate school: thenceforth, the academic professions would become virtually monopolized by products of the graduate schools. The graduate schools, in turn, would be dominated by the Ivy League colleges and their graduates; their only serious rivals were Johns Hopkins and the University of Chicago, both of which were thoroughly Yankeeized. Hegemony over the graduate schools, together with a similar hold upon law schools and other professional schools, enabled Yankees to determine what was taught and how it was taught through most of the twentieth century.

By that means the ranks of the Yankees were swollen by recruits from other ethnic groups and from other sections, including the South. Nor were the converts simply scalawags, for the pressures against dissenters in the groves of academe were enormous. (I speak from personal experience: I put in six years in Madison and nine in the Ivy League, and I assure you I can understand what Anne Hutchinson and Roger Williams went through.)

It is here that the last main theology-derived Yankee characteristic becomes relevant: the Yankees are millennialists. Once again, so are many Southerners, and once again the differences between the two varieties are vast. Traditional millennialism of the sort adhered to by several Southern denominations is based upon the apocalyptic books of Daniel in the Old Testament and Revelations in the New. The first prophesies a steady worsening of life on earth over the course of a thousand years and through a succession of four kingdoms, each more evil than the last, then the sudden reversal of the course of history by divine will and the establishment of God's earthly kingdom under a ruler called the Son of Man. The prophesies in Revelations are more complex but again things grow steadily worse until history is reversed by God, the ruler of His kingdom now being Christ in His second coming.

An entirely different kind of millennialism, usually known as progressive millennialism, emerged in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and that is the kind embraced by the Yankees. In this version there was no need for God to reverse the course of history, for history represented a progression of human triumphs over evil: when the thousand years were done, man himself would have established God's kingdom on earth. Jonathan Edwards, in the 1740s, reckoned that man had made it about three quarters of the way through, and thus that the millennium would arrive toward the end of the twentieth century. In Edwards' time, of course, progress toward the heavenly city was directed by God, man acting merely as the instrument of His will; but it was only a matter of time before people of the Yankee persuasion would become convinced that they could build the city without God's help. After they became so convinced, they began to notice and inform the world that God was dead.



I said at the outset that the Yankees' latest campaign to remake us in their own image is well under way. It is easy to believe otherwise, for Southerners qua Southerners are clearly not under such specific pressure as in the 1950's and 1960's. Moreover, Yankees have not of late been pointing the accusing finger at us, but have indeed been chanting mea culpa. But these signs are misleading. As for the absence of specific pressure, one need only check the Yankees' reform agenda — a host of particular items which add up to a wholesale onslaught against conventional morality, the family, and religion to perceive that they have in mind a more drastic overhaul of our society than any that Thaddeus Stevens ever dreamed of.

The other matter, the mea culpa syndrome, is subtle and convoluted. In the first place, the Yankee has always been uncomfortable when times are good, for then it appears that the millennium may be near, in which case there will be no further need for his reforming services. In such circumstances he looks frantically for evils and injustices, so as to reassure himself that there is a great deal left to be done; and if he blames himself for what is wrong he thereby stakes out a claim to be the one who must rectify it. (A guilt trip is an ego trip.) In the second place, the recent breast-beating has tended to center on the environment, and in all candor it must be admitted that Yankees have been far more skillful in mucking up the environment that we have.

And that leads us to a final point I believe that somewhere, deep in the innermost recesses of their atrophied souls, Yankees know that they truly have botched things, and truly are plagued with guilt. That, I think, is the bottom line the Yankee hates himself, and': he hates his heritage.

And why does he hate us? Because we do not hate ourselves and we treasure ours.

The Future Of America's Political Parties

by Russell Kirk

Russell Kirk charts the future for the American ship of state, predicting doom for the Democrats unless they alter course and uncertain sailing for the Republicans if they continue to ignore the South. . .

President Reagan won a personal victory on a scale exceeding that of any previous presidential contest. Yet the national elections of 1984 will produce consequences more enduring than Mr. Reagan's own triumph. For we are going to see, during the remaining years of this decade, a major reconstitution of political parties in the United States.

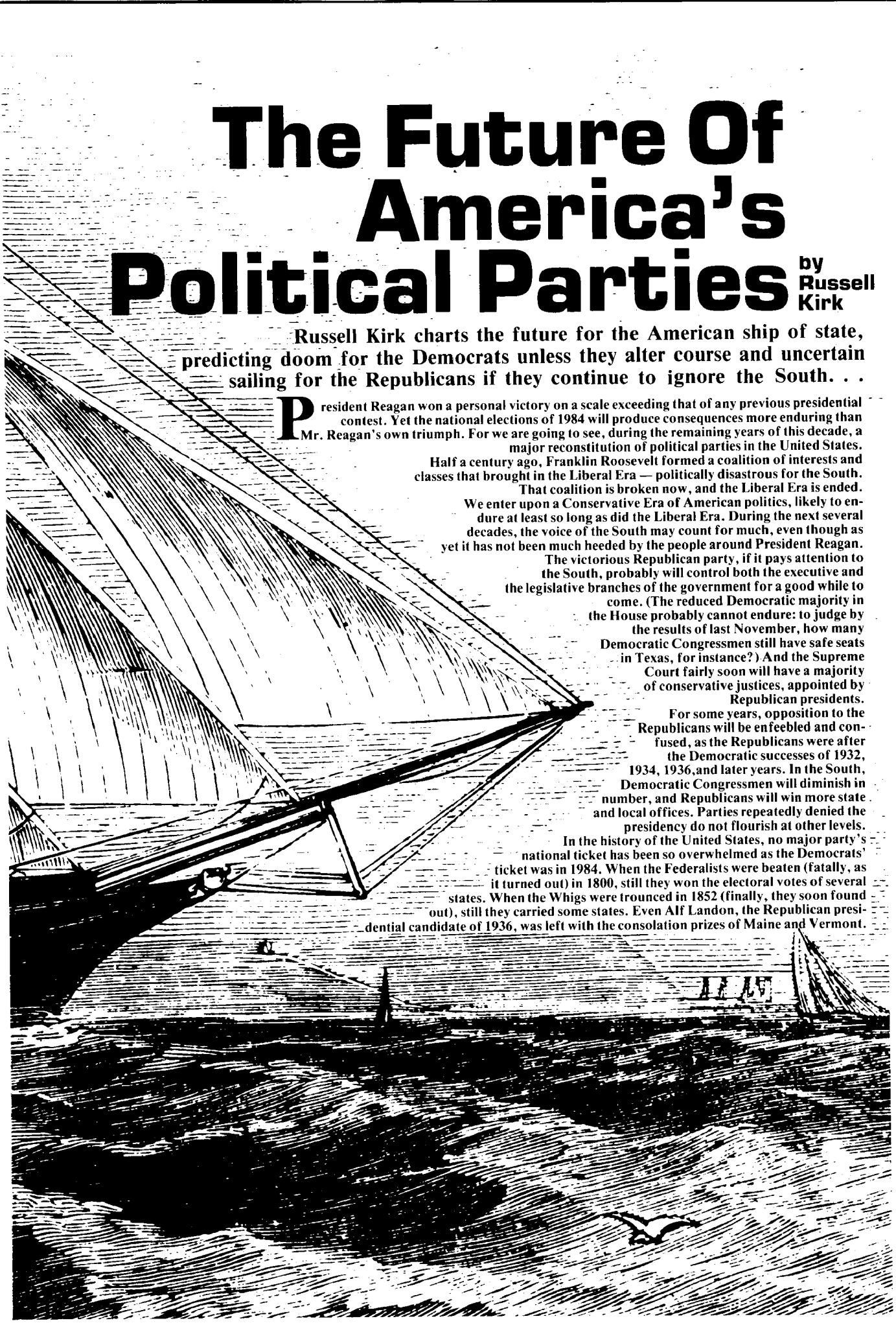
Half a century ago, Franklin Roosevelt formed a coalition of interests and classes that brought in the Liberal Era — politically disastrous for the South. That coalition is broken now, and the Liberal Era is ended.

We enter upon a Conservative Era of American politics, likely to endure at least so long as did the Liberal Era. During the next several decades, the voice of the South may count for much, even though as yet it has not been much heeded by the people around President Reagan.

The victorious Republican party, if it pays attention to the South, probably will control both the executive and the legislative branches of the government for a good while to come. (The reduced Democratic majority in the House probably cannot endure: to judge by the results of last November, how many Democratic Congressmen still have safe seats in Texas, for instance?) And the Supreme Court fairly soon will have a majority of conservative justices, appointed by Republican presidents.

For some years, opposition to the Republicans will be enfeebled and confused, as the Republicans were after the Democratic successes of 1932, 1934, 1936, and later years. In the South, Democratic Congressmen will diminish in number, and Republicans will win more state and local offices. Parties repeatedly denied the presidency do not flourish at other levels.

In the history of the United States, no major party's national ticket has been so overwhelmed as the Democrats' ticket was in 1984. When the Federalists were beaten (fatally, as it turned out) in 1800, still they won the electoral votes of several states. When the Whigs were trounced in 1852 (finally, they soon found out), still they carried some states. Even Alf Landon, the Republican presidential candidate of 1936, was left with the consolation prizes of Maine and Vermont.



In the South, except for Whigs turned Republicans, the Republican party commenced as the party of carpetbaggers, scalawags, and blacks. The day has come when Republicans may be able to persuade Southerners to forget that origin.

Even George McGovern obtained seventeen electoral votes. But Walter Mondale, like Shakespeare's Ancient Pistol, might cry, "Has Fortune ten conspired against me?" Of his forlorn thirteen electoral votes, ten were won barely.

So what will become of the Democratic party, deprived of its old Southern foundation? Great political parties do fall to their ruin. The Federalist and Whig parties, though they lingered broken in Congress and in some state governments after overwhelming rejection in the Electoral College, never again rose to national authority. Britain's Liberal party, after its schism of 1915, never has formed a cabinet except in coalition with some larger party, and is nearly extinct now. The Democratic party of the United States confronts as dismal a prospect.

This does not mean that necessarily the Democratic party will go down to dusty death. A good many editorial writers, for some months or even years after the electorate tremendously rejected Alf Landon in 1936, predicted that the Republican party never could rise from the ashes. They were mistaken. Constitutional representative governments cannot well function without the existence of at least two parties; and by nature, an opposition to a party in power always arises. President Washington's hope that the United States might escape the rivalries of "faction" — that is, of political parties — was impossible to realize.

So either the defeated Democratic party gradually will renew itself, in some fashion; or else the place formerly occupied by that old party will be occupied, presently, by some new party or parties, offering alternatives to Republican policies. But whether we are to see the revival of an old party with altered principles, platforms, and leaders, or the arising of a new party or new parties that might inherit much of the Democratic party's popular following, the Democratic party as it has been constituted and led for the past half-century will not endure.

What happened to the Democrats? They defeated themselves by dogmatic adherence to an outmoded view of politics that they called "liberalism." Thinking they had the people at their back, they turned their back upon the people. Mr. Mondale's speeches in 1984 might have been successful — in 1936. The circumstances of the Republic in 1984 were not the circumstances that brought about Franklin Roosevelt's triumph in 1932. President Roosevelt's boast that he would "spend and spend, elect and elect," in effect repeated by Democratic leaders ever since, raised the hackles of most American voters in 1984: they had had enough of that prescription.

A conservative rejection of Rooseveltian liberalism swept Dwight Eisenhower to the presidency in 1952. And conservative views would have dominated American politics from 1952 onward, had it not been for the personality of J.F. Kennedy and two political accidents — the murder of President Kennedy and the Watergate burglary. What conservatives required was an attractive national leader gifted with the art of popular rhetoric. They found him in Ronald Reagan, quite as Democratic liberals had found their charismatic leader in Franklin Roosevelt.

As opinion polls showed from the 1950s to the 1980s, the political notions called "liberalism" never were approved by a majority of Americans — or anything like a majority. And as Democratic liberal policies sank deeper and deeper into difficulty, an increasing proportion of Americans preferred to call themselves "conservatives" — until, by the elections of 1980, those citizens labelling themselves as conservatives formed a large majority.

Some liberal Democrats still endeavor to persuade themselves that the Republican resurgence is the magic of Ronald Reagan merely; that when President Reagan withdraws to the wings, the nation will turn back to "normal" liberal policies. But this is unrealistic. It is not the personality of Mr. Reagan unaided that has undone the Democrats in 1984. The enfeebled Democratic national organization suffers from two grave sicknesses, possibly terminal: lack of convincing principles, and lack of cohesion among the elements which have composed the party since 1932.

First, the Democrats are afflicted by what sociologists call "cultural lag" — that is, they adhere inflexibly to slogans and measures half a century out of date. Senator Gary Hart called upon Democrats to take up "new ideas" — although he was unclear as to what those new ideas might be. Mr. Mondale paid him no heed. A party that cannot move with the times cannot endure. One might even call the present Democratic party reactionary, trying to turn back the clock to 1936.

In America, as in Britain, the public changes its mind only slowly — which habit averts revolutionary changes. It took the American public a generation to decide that Rooseveltian liberalism could not suffice for the United States. Gradually the general public accumulated grievances against liberal policies; but the Democratic leaders failed to perceive the strong drift of public opinion, relying upon their coalition of interest-groups, prominent among them the "welfare lobby" and a collection of minorities. (In the long run, elections are won by majorities, not by minorities.)

The burdens of the expanding welfare state, with the consequences of heavy taxation, colossal national debt, overwhelming deficits, and inflation — these most voters came to associate with Democratic programs. The failures of Democratic administrations during the 1960s and 1970s in diplomatic and military policies, including President Johnson's ruinous Vietnamese war — these were perceived presently as the Dead Sea fruit of "liberal" illusions. A professed Democratic compassion for the "underprivileged" that actually amounted to servility to labor-union bosses, civil-rights extremists, urban demagogues, militant feminists, even "gay rights" champions — this kind of "compassion"

The victorious Republican party, if it pays attention to the South, probably will control both the executive and the legislative branches of the government for a good while to come.

roused widespread dislike. Massive busing, abortions at public expense, Affirmative Action, bureaucratic gigantism, centralization of power, excessive regulation of many activities — why, in all these measures the liberal Democrats seemed to invite public indignation, as if they suffered from Freud's death wish. Liberalism had been converted into a rigid ideology, and the American people are suspicious of ideologies, in the South particularly. What wonder that the Reagan-Bush ticket won thumpingly in 1980, and yet more decisively in 1984?

Second, consider the disintegration of the old Democratic coalition of blocs and interest-groups. That coalition had been growing feebler for some years; in November, 1984, it became clear that the coalition had dissolved. Of major voting-groups, the Democrats retain only blacks and most Jews; even the Hispanics went over to the Republicans. The majority of Catholics, once the mainstay of northern Democratic organizations, had shifted, perhaps permanently; so had most "blue collar" Americans; so, emphatically, had young voters. The Solid South was solid for Reagan; Carterism was in the sere and yellow leaf. Democratic liberals had contrived to alienate not merely the middle classes, but voters of all ages and both sexes.

After building up debt and deficit for half a century, the liberal Democrats assumed in 1984 the pose of fiscal reformers — though pledging themselves, simultaneously, to spend at least thirty billion dollars of federal funds annually on more "welfare" undertakings, out of deference to Jesse Jackson. In the South as in the North and the West, voters, disbelieving the Democrats, perceived that party as the advocates of higher taxes — which would result in diminished economic productivity. The Republicans seemed the party of hope and confidence; the Democrats, the party of gloom and decay. Thus the Democrats' sands ran out.

What future is there for this party of the past? It is possible that the Democrats may continue on their self-destructive course. Senator Edward Kennedy and Governor Mario Cuomo are touted as presidential nominees for 1988. Their public addresses are calculated to attract the voters — of 1934 or 1936. The Democrats had might as well renominate Mr. George McGovern. It is not merely the personality of Ronald Reagan that has undone the Democrats. Mr. Richard Nixon, who did not possess charisma and enjoyed no great personal popularity, crushed McGovern and his liberals almost as thoroughly as Reagan defeated Mondale and his liberals.

If the Democratic party persists in yesteryear's liberalism, it will experience repeated massive defeats and will dissolve into factions. As George Santayana wrote, "Those who ignore history are condemned to repeat it."

One may imagine a Black faction or party, seceding from the Democrats, and headed by Mr. Jesse Jackson — who could make a lifelong career, assisted by federal matching funds, of standing for the presidency. Conceivably a faction composed of the more radical labor bosses might embark upon a foredoomed attempt at a Labor party — at a time when union membership diminishes. A rump oldfangled Democratic faction composed chiefly of teachers' unions, governmental employees, and suburbanite liberals might wave, in vain, the Liberal banner. Or possibly there might emerge a Women's party, headed by militant feminists, about as likely to take national office as was the Free Silver party or the Prohibition party.

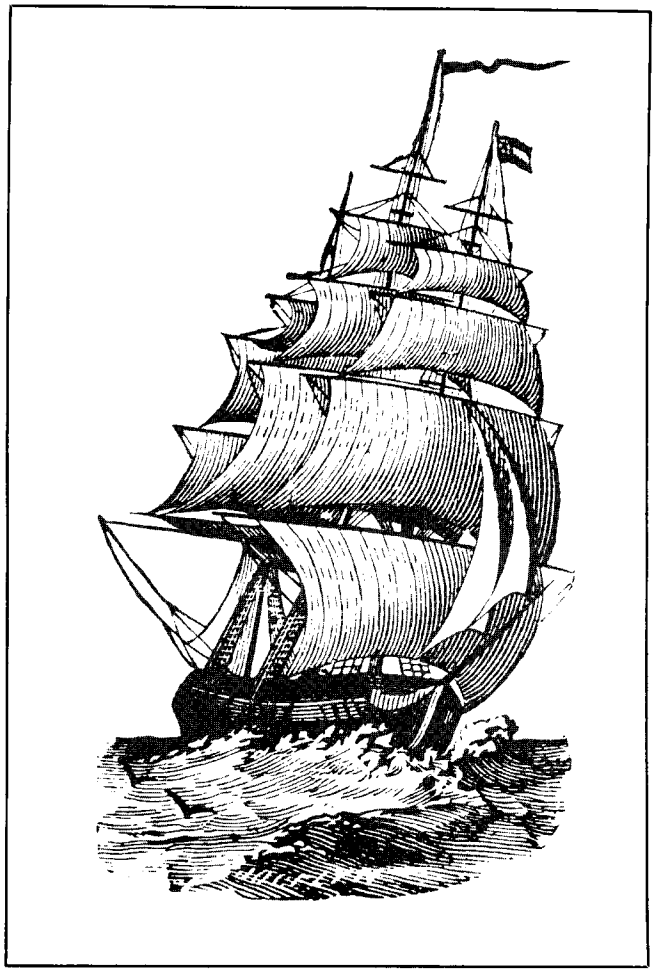
Yet just as conceivably, the Democratic party may suffer a sea-change in order to survive as a major political force. At times in our national history — as under the leadership of Grover Cleveland — the Democrats have been the more conservative of the great parties. During the next few years the mainstream Democrats may reject liberalism of the Kennedy and Cuomo stamp, turning rather to moderate Democratic governors for leadership. (Among those rising figures, the name of Bruce Babbitt, of Arizona, is mentioned frequently.)

A transformed Democratic party might court the middle classes again. Rejecting enlargement of the welfare state, the new Democrats might turn conservative — although differing from Republican conservatives on various questions of general policy, domestic and foreign. As the Victorian Tories were said to have stolen the clothes of the British Whigs while the Whigs were bathing, so a reconstituted Democratic party might borrow some tricks from the Reagan property-basket. Such a reinvigorated party would be more concerned for the general national interest than for "transfer payments" to demanding minorities. The poor we have always with us, and charity is the highest of virtues. But in great democracies, public men must be as mindful of the interests of ninety per cent of the population as of help to the Outcasts of Poker Flat.

We ought to wish long life to such a reconstituted Democratic party, if it emerges. For, as Horace Walpole put it in 1760, "The extinction of party is the origin of faction." This country requires two great responsible parties. If both should be conservative in their inclination — why, people of conservative inclinations never will lack for prudential questions to debate.

What of the Republicans? If their party, growing complacent, seems a party of material interests merely, fancying that statistics about the gross national product will suffice to allay all our present discontents — why, a reaction against that party will occur. The Republican party needs to prove itself a party for all classes, not the instrument of "business rule." Republicans must recall Edmund Burke's aphorism that "for us to love our country, our country ought to be lovely." Republicans must seek out men and women of imagination, attracting them to elective and appointive offices.

The Republican party must take arms against a sea of troubles, and by opposing end them. Setting its face against grim ideology, the Republican party must



develop consistent principles rooted in historical experience and worldly wisdom.

"If I could not go to Heaven but with a party I would not go there at all." So Thomas Jefferson wrote in 1789. Yet Jefferson became the principal founder of the Democratic party. Parties cannot be dispensed with. For in great modern states, the alternative to government by party is government by force. Party lacking — as it is absent today in eastern Europe and in most of Asia and Africa — freedom and justice also are lacking. Government through parties is a device for counting heads instead of breaking them.

The purpose of party, in Edmund Burke's definition, is to promote the national interest through the realizing of sound principles. So early in 1987, let us hope, we may see in this country two intelligent and responsible great parties, fulfilling George Washington's wish, in 1787, to "promote the lasting welfare of that country so dear to us all, and secure her freedom and happiness."

In the South, except for Whigs turned Republicans, the Republican party commenced as the party of carpetbaggers, scalawags, and blacks. The day has come when Republicans may be able to persuade Southerners to forget that origin. But if they neglect that opportunity, ignoring Southern interests — why, a reconstituted Democratic party, or some new party, may be welcomed in Dixie.

Russell Kirk defined the conservative mind in 1953. The body of his writing over the last three decades encompasses works of historical and literary scholarship, political analysis and fiction, including a recently released collection of ghost stories, *Watchers at the Strait Gate*. This piece, written for the *Partisan*, is based on a recent lecture prepared for the Heritage Society.

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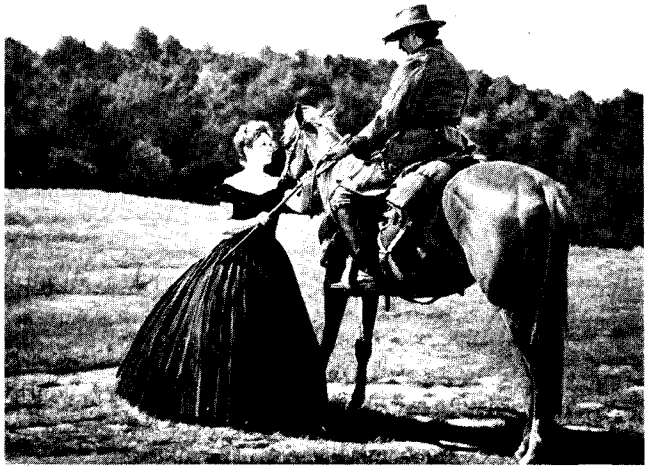

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IS THERE A THIRD WAY?

Notes On A Conservative Political Economy

by William F. Campbell and Andrew W. Foshee

The conservative victory in the 1984 election provides a timely opportunity to reconsider the conservatives' approach to public policy.

What is lacking is a conservative political economy, a set of economic policies and the body of unifying normative principles on which they are based. The construction of a truly conservative political economy is a tall order, but there is no lasting alternative to it. The inertia of election victory and economic expansion will eventually, perhaps very soon, be eroded and the battle will move once again into the realm of ideas.

Before that happens, Southerners would do well to realize that they are heirs to a conservative political economy which embraces private property, free markets, and a proper disdain for meddling bureaucrats but does not fall into any of the modern heresies. Consequently, it is open to the insights of various free market economists but does not draw on their anti-political political philosophies. It is the conservative political economy of Southern Agrarianism inherited from Jefferson, Taylor, Randolph, and Calhoun, and adapted to the new circumstances of the twentieth century by the Vanderbilt Agrarians and the American and English Distributists.

During the 1930s, the Vanderbilt Agrarians and their Northern and Midwestern counterparts, the Distributists, formed a loose alliance which provided an apologia for a decentralized society and the enduring freedoms which are nurtured by it. They argued that if the tree of liberty was to survive it had to be rooted firmly in the soil of small property, genuine federalism and piety — belief in God, respect for the family and a sense of duty to one's home, one's country. Unbeknownst to them, a concurrent development of decentralist thought was taking place at the hands of a German economist named Wilhelm Roepke (1899-1966). Roepke, along with a number of other European economists and sociologists, was laying the groundwork for a conservative political economy of the "Third Way" which was the logical culmination of principles shared by the Agrarians andDistributists. To borrow a phrase from Frank Owsley, "The Pillars of Agrarianism" and of Third Way political economy are virtually identical: small property, federalism, and what Roepke called "rootedness."

1980 was not only the year which launched the conservative revolution; it was also the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of *I'll Take My Stand: The South and*

Policies concerned with occupational health and safety, toxic waste, and an educational voucher system are as important to the long term preservation of the free market as antitrust policy and monetary policy.

the Agrarian Tradition. The publication of that volume of essays marked the beginning of an attempt by the Vanderbilt Agrarians to provide a reasoned defense of the South's traditional way of life. They had watched the rampant "industrial commercialism" of the North invade the South, and as Donald Davidson recounted in his history of the making of *ITMS,* "in no section were its activities more blatant than in the South, where old and historic communities were crawling on their bellies to persuade some petty manufacturers of pants or socks to take up his tax-exempt residence in their midst." The Agrarians were no more opposed to the development of industry in the South than we are to the use of enterprise zones to increase employment in depressed areas. What they objected to was the manner in which this was being done. Throughout the postbellum decades the traditional political economy of the South had been giving way to the onslaught of materialism. By 1930 the process of home breaking, as Andrew Lytle called it, was very advanced and the traditional order could not be restored. However, a new order grounded in the same values could be created, one which was consistent with the preservation of Southern culture and the values to which Southerners adhered. What they sought was an industrialization along Southern lines. Thus, even before the Great Depression and before the efforts of both the political right and left to "save capitalism," these men had begun to seek out and assert some Southern principles which would provide an alternative to both state-capitalism and collectivism. These principles were to be "relevant to the new circumstances" and so they asked themselves, "What were the right Southern principles in the late nineteen-twenties?" These were revealed in the introductory "Statement of Principles" of *ITMS* and in the many books and articles which followed.

In the "Statement of Principles", the Twelve Southerners explained that by undermining that "sensibility in human affairs" which is grounded in "manners, conservation, hospitality, sympathy, family life, [and] romantic love," the political economy of giantism had paved the way to a spiritual malaise which could not be remedied by any amount of education or by collectivist arrangements to increase and secure the proletariat's material wellbeing. However, the foundation for a humane political economy could be found in the South as it existed before the old order gave way to the materialism and impieties of the "New South." It should be emphasized that while the Agrarians described this as an "agrarian" social order, a term they would later regard as unfortunate since it placed an inordinate amount of attention on the particulars rather than the underlying principles, they gave explicit recognition to the valuable role which industries, professional vocations, scholars, artists, and city life would play in such a society. These Southerners shared a common belief in political and economic decentralization based on widely distributed property, the binding of communities through religion and education, and the modicum of permanence in social arrangements encouraged by both small and large family properties. Such views were also held by English and American Distributists as well as the European expositors of the Third Way.

Three years after the publication of *ITMS,* Wilhelm Roepke, a student of law, political science, and economics and a founder of the Ordo liberal school of economics, lost his professorship at Marburg University. On the same day as the Reichstag fire, Roepke delivered a eulogy at his teacher's graveside where he denounced the forces which were "on the verge of destroying the garden of culture and reconverting it to the primitive jungle." Beginning before the war and extending to the end of his life, Roepke's arguments concerning the foundations of a good society and the policies necessary for reconstruction and economic reform gained great influence with many European leaders, including Chancellors Adenauer and Erhard. Roepke associated with a loosely knit group of European statesmen and scholars who argued that a free society would not be preserved in the long run either by the laissez-faire policies of the "night-watchman state" or the state capitalism which it engenders. They had only to look at the histories of their own countries to see that. To replace the nineteenth century version of classical liberalism they offered up a "neo" or Ordo liberalism in which the state would play a positive though limited role in maintaining the social framework of the free market — those social, political, and economic arrangements which work in tandem with competition to preserve a "free, happy, prosperous, just, and well-ordered society." Roepke, along with Alexander Ruestow and Luigi Einaudi, is distinguished even within this group by his advocacy of a "Third Way" which stresses the importance of restoring small property ownership in the form of peasant agriculture (yeoman farmers and herdsmen in the Southern tradition), independent craftsmen, and local merchants. Thus the confluent streams of conservative political economy were re-established in this century not only in Britain and America but in Europe as well.

The common poetical thread for the disparate groups which make up the Third Way is agriculture. It is stamped on the face of Southern Agrarianism; it is no less obvious in Distributism and Ordo liberalism. Roepke fondly refers to the concept of the "aerated society" stressed by French philosopher and farmer Gustav Thibon, and argues that the centralization and concentration of power which took place under Bismark destroyed the roots of German culture. The result was a moral and intellectual vacuum which he called the "German dust bowl." Roepke's Third Way program was intended to promote social decongestion and deproletarization; anything to increase rootedness

would be given a fair hearing by Roepke. Similarly, the use of the term "agrarian" by the authors of *ITMS* was a reflection not only of the particular circumstances of Southern culture but of the Agrarians' opposition to the expansion of rootless cosmopolitanism. Although the Distributists thought that small scale agriculture established the proper poetical standards for a humane society, their formulation of a conservative political economy broadened the emphasis to small property in commerce and manufacturing. In so doing, they established a tie between Southern Agrarianism and a Northern commercial republicanism grounded in small property and genuine federalism. This synthesis of Northern and Southern traditions was embodied in the lesser known Agrarian-Distributist symposium published in 1939, *Who Owns America? A New Declaration of Independence.*

The Agrarians, Distributists, and Ordo Liberals developed their responses to state capitalism (mass scale economic and complementary political arrangements) and to collectivism during the 1920s and 1930s. Of particular interest is Wilhelm Roepke's work which culminated in an explicit formulation of the Third Way in his *Social Crisis of Our Time* published in 1942. The foremost concern of all three groups was the preservation of human freedom, but they knew that the libertarian formula was not adequate to the purpose. Human freedom is too complex to be captured in the simple phrase "laissez-faire, laissez-passer." On the other hand, human freedom is not what the collectivists thought either — full bellies regardless of what they are filled with and how they are filled — which is epitomized by Roosevelt's dangerous and false aphorism "freedom from want." Any good Southerner knows that that is a chimera since it would necessitate either an annihilation or a full gratification of the appetities, neither of which is possible in this world. In fact, it is the pursuit of such abstract notions of freedom that makes modern free-market political economy potentially as dangerous to human freedom as collectivism. True freedom comes only when man limits his appetites and that he must do for himself. No one else can do that *for* him or *to* him. Thus individuality — which necessitates a large range for expression of one's beliefs in words and deeds — must be preserved. True freedom cannot come from the collectivist harnassing of big business to distribute a mass produced goods and services more equally. It can come only from the inside of a man. The question is: are there ways of developing those qualities of self-restraint and personal responsibility which conduce to the preservation of freedom without sacrificing men to the deified abstraction of laissez-faire? A true conservative political economy must answer that question in the affirmative. Economic policy ought not to be based upon abstract postulates that take no account of historical circumstances or the realities of human nature and human experience. The Agrarians, Distributists, and Ordo liberals understood this and developed their arguments regarding economic arrangements, both private and public, with due regard for the nature of man and of the world in which he lives. One may argue that some of these writers were stronger on principles than policies. Both the Agrarians and Distributists proposed policies, some of which were not efficacious; sometimes these men were imprudent in the policy arena because they did not understand the workings of positive economic theory. But their occasional lapses in positive economics do not affect the value of their principles.

The primacy of Wilhelm Roepke is a consequence of his adhesion to the same principles with no sacrifice of economic theory; he kept his head and heart together. Ignorant moralizing and abstract rationalizing were equally foreign to his vision of an intelligent political economy. Roepke, as well as the Agrarians and Distributists, recognized that man is both body and soul, and that we must have political economic arrangements which encourage the good health of both. Men cannot be reduced to one or the other. Positivism and scientism, which are the groundwork for modern abstract economics, reduce man to matter while the idealism and romanticism of the fascist reaction make man spirit only. In Third-Way political economy the ultimate criterion for judging economic and political arrangements is the character of the citizenry: the control of the appetites through reason and the honor-loving part of the soul is necessary if freedom is to endure. Thus a decentralized society and small property are not cherished for the principally libertarian reasons of self-sufficiency or autonomy, freedom in the sense of the absence of coercion, but because they encourage the development of those qualities in men which in the long run are the only assurance that freedom will be maintained. Small property and the family are the nursery of those qualities of mutual responsibility, devotion, charity, and hospitality. The pursuit of self-interest within the bounds which men set for themselves through the development of these qualities is wholly desirable. Without these bounds, self-interest soon degenerates into greed and thereby provides fertile ground for the seeds of collectivism.

In a conservative political economy, policy questions must be approached with the understanding that the maintenance of a humane social order is essentially a moral rather than a material problem. The creation of such an order requires no increase in GNP. Such increases are important and desirable, and they are more likely to come from Reagan supply-side policies than Keynesian demand-side/central planning. But they do not address the fundamental problem. It does not require economic levelling of the kind brought about by a massive redistribution of the "pie," a consumerist/materialist metaphor for a man's work in the creation. Instead, as Richard Weaver explained,

> "the moral solution is the distributive ownership of small properties. These take the form of independent farms, of local business, of homes owned by the occupants, where individual responsibility gives significance of perogative over property. Such ownership provides a range of volition through which one can be a complete person, and it is the abridgement of this volition for which monopoly capitalism must be condemned along with communism."

Roepke and the Agrarians were in perfect agreement on this point. As Roepke said, "We must decentralize, put down roots again, extract men out of the mass and allow them to live in forms of life and work appropriate to them."

The policy lesson is this: there is much good in a freedom defined as the absence of coercion, but it does not sustain itself. The void which is left will be filled with appetite — the tyranny which parades as modern liberalism or the selfish heroics of libertarianism. Conservatives must therefore avoid the mistake of assuming that all intervention is inherently bad. Such an attitude comes from a devotion to an abstract conception of freedom which ignores historical realities and all that we have learned about man through religion, philosophy, and experience. Instead, they must learn to distinguish between forms of intervention which are consistent with the preservation of a free and humane society and those which are not. To the doctrinaire laissez-faire critics of all forms of intervention, Roepke would write in his *Humane Economy,* published in 1960,

> "the market economy is not everything. It must find its place in a higher order of things which is not ruled by supply and demand, free prices, and competition. It must be firmly contained in an all-embracing order of society in which the imperfections and harshness of economic freedom are corrected by law and in which man is not denied conditions of life appropriate to his nature."

As a conservative, Roepke understood the essential role of competition in stimulating human effort and in generating a harmonious ordering of economic activity. He also knew that private property rights were essential to the competitive process. Yet to Roepke the egregiously neglected "moral and sociological significance" of private property was of even greater importance. Citizens rightly act in their own interest in the marketplace, but there is a continual danger that the competition which is essential to restraining and channeling that self-interest will degenerate. In order to minimize the need for a governmental imposition of the discipline which will preserve competition, and thereby limit the opportunities for citizens to use government to escape competition, action must be taken to develop and maintain in men those ethical reserves, or good character, which conduce to self-restraint and personal responsibility. As Roepke explains,

> "The market, competition, and the play of supply and demand do not create these ethical reserves; they presuppose them and consume them...Self-discipline, a sense of justice, honesty, fairness, chivalry, moderation, public spirit, respect for human dignity, firm ethical norms--all of these are things which people must possess before they go to market and compete with each other. These are the indispensible supports which preserve both market and competition from degeneration. Family, church, genuine communities, and tradition are their sources."

The extreme laissez-faire position does not recognize the necessity of these ethical reserves or at least fails to recognize that competition and market activity consume these reserves which must then be replenished. Roepke again says,

> "The market remains morally and socially dangerous and can be defended only up to a point and with qualifications and modifications of all kinds...Extreme commercialization, restlessness, and rivalry are an infallible way of destroying the free economy by morally blind exaggeration of its principle...The curse of commercialization is that it results in the standards of the market spreading into regions which should remain beyond supply and demand. This vitiates the true purposes, dignity, and savor of life and thereby makes it unbearably ugly, undignified, and dull."

This is precisely what the Agrarians and Distributists believed to be happening in the United States and especially in the South.

Like Roepke, the Agrarians and Distributists sought to identify the proper limits of markets and competition as means of ordering the lives of men in a free society. They knew that their ancestors had hedged in the pursuit of wealth with piety, a love of honor, and with the cultivation of the habits of hospitality, charity, and civility. With the passing of the traditional way of life in the South, new means of hedging in or limiting the spread of market standards had to be devised. New traditions would have to be formed and cultivated.

In defining the Third Way, Roepke had to address the popular misconception that laissez-faire is antipodal to collectivism. He explained in the *Social Crisis of Our Time* that laissez-faire policies would indeed reduce the number of monopolies. Roepke understood just as we do that most private monopoly power is acquired with the help of government. Yet the road to collectivism and the destruction of human freedom is not paved exclusively with the displacement of competition by the growth of monopoly power, by whatever means. The concept of inter-industry competition which is used to explain the absence of significant long term monopoly power on the part of "big business" is persuasive, but it still does not go to the heart of the matter. There are also the problems of "increasing mechanization and proletarization, the agglomeration and centralization, the growing dominance of the bureaucratic machinery over men, monopolization, the destruction of independent livelihoods, of modes of living and working which satisfy men, disruption of the community by ruthless group interests of all kinds, and the dissolution of natural ties (the family, the neighborhood, professional solidarity, and others)." Roepke, the Agrarians, and the Distributists objected to the destruction of these institutional arrangements and ways of living which developed and maintained the ethical reserves essential to the long term preservation of competition, private property, and ultimately, human freedom. It is for these reasons that they argued that the maintenance of a free and humane society necessitated public policies which would preserve both markets, competition, and private property, and the social framework which sustains them. To that end, Roepke formulated a three-part program which constitutes the conservative political economy of the Third Way. It is not only consistent with Agrarian — Distributist principles but has the ad-

ded advantage of Roepke's knowledge and experience as an economist and government advisor. Thus it provides an advantageous point of departure for the construction of a contemporary conservative political economy which is solidly grounded in the Southern principles of *I'll Take My Stand.*

Roepke outlined his program in numerous books, articles, and pamphlets. Prominent among these were his volumes *The Social Crisis of Our Time* and *Civitas Humana: A Humane Social Order.* The three components of the Third Way program were Anti-Monopoly Policy, Positive Economic Policy (anti-Laissez-faire), and Structural Policy (decentralization, balance, and "economic humanism"). These components constitute a unifying normative framework for the consideration of public policies ranging from anti-trust law to the regulation of public morality and the creation of a "new" federalism. It reveals the essential connectedness of conservative ideas concerning the preservation of a free society, ideas which at present are not being viewed (and some say should not be viewed) as integral parts of a conservative policy agenda. Indeed, some conservative policies are being viewed as contradictory (e.g., free markets vs. restricting the sale of narcotics and pornography) which should be seen as part of one fabric.

Third Way political economy is precisely what Allen Tate had in mind when he said "we have been mere economists, and now we have got to be political economists as well. Economics is a study of wealth. But political economy is the study of human welfare." Most of the Agrarian-Distributist "program" — both principles and policies — coincides with Roepke's. Most importantly, however, an examination of Agrarian-Distributist policy proposals and some current policy concerns reveals the applicability of the Third Way framework not only to our past but to present circumstances.

Roepke's Anti-Monopoly policy encompasses laws dealing with cartels, holding companies, and interlocking directorates, and a concern to avoid policies which create monopoly power for private interests. Roepke wrote extensively about the monopoly effects of tariffs and protectionism, a problem with which the Southern Agrarians were all too familiar.While it is true that the Agrarians and Distributists failed to foresee the abuses of "captive" regulatory agencies such as the Interstate Commerce Commission, they clearly understood and opposed the creation of government-run cartels under Roosevelt's first administration. Roepke also considered technological innovation to be a boon to competition. Even in the 1940s he argues that new technology was promoting competition rather than concentration (fewer and larger firms with greater market shares) and monopoly.

Under the heading of "Positive Economic Policy (anti-Laissez-faire)," Roepke combined "Framework Policy" and "Market Policy." The former contained positive steps to be taken by government to preserve the moral and legal framework of the free market. The essential "rules of the game" included in the legal framework were a federalist political order to limit the abuse of government powers; the embodiment of policies in law rather than administrative decree; the maintenance of a stable money supply; and an overriding respect for private property. Certainly the Agrarian and Distributist opposition to New Deal legislation such as the NIRA (National Industrial Recovery Act), the Agricultural Adjustment Act, and the National Labor Relations Act stemmed from a similar concern over the concentration of power in the central government and an expansion of the discretionary powers of its agencies. Such problems were exacerbated during the 1960's and 1970's and have resulted in calls for regulatory reform and a "New Federalism."

While regulatory reform and the re-establishment of genuine federalism are essential aspects of a Third Way program for the 1980's, it should not be forgotten that Roepke considered the moral framework to be equally important. The issues addressed here have traditionally been the object of the state police powers: health, education, and public morals. Factory legislation, care for the indigent, sick, aged, and unemployed, and public or subsidized private education are the proper concern of a conservative political economy. Rejecting both social Darwinism and cradle-to-grave security, Roepke, the Agarians, and the Distributists argued that a limited role for government in such matters was consistent with the canons of justice and humanity in a society of free men. Thus policies concerned with occupational health and safety, toxic waste, and an educational voucher system are as important to the long term preservation of the free market as anti-trust policy and monetary policy.

So, too, are policies concerning public morality and character formation. Roepke argued in *Humane Economy* that because private market gains were likely to overwhelm the moral and aesthetic reasons for resisting some activities, the market "loses its authority in the ultimately most important decisions." Advertisers' indiscriminate destruction of the beauty and harmony of the cities, and the extreme foolishness of those who wish to separate from politics the issue of trade between communist and non-communist countries demonstrate the necessity of moral framework policy. There are, of course, many other sources of market gain (e.g., prostitution, pornography, abortion, and drug abuse) which are the proper concern of such policy. No less important is the instruction of the young in the basic moral principles of personal and civic responsibility, honesty, courtesy, and respect for the "rule of law." Such are the social presuppositions of the free market without which the market will simply devour itself.

Roepke's Market Policy allows for some discretion in the use of interventionist policies since even framework policy would not *always* be enough. Distinguishing between "adjusting" and "preserving" intervention, Roepke argues that there are some limited actions which government should take to aid individuals, industries, and communities that face the kind of drastic changes in market conditions (demand, technology, resource availability) which inflict serious and lasting harm. Limited government assistance to communities seeking to adapt to new circumstances and to individuals seeking re-training would prevent the kind of destruction which induces men to resort to preserving intervention — permanent subsidies and tariffs, import quotas, plant closing regulations, and domestic content legislation. Such forms of intervention are intended to eliminate the need to adjust to new conditions and lead inexorably toward greater inefficiency and still more intrusive government policies. Adjustment policies should originate at the lowest level of government possible and

The conservative political economy of Southern Agrarianism and the Third Way are the traditions on which conservatives should draw to develop public policies which treat men not simply as selfish "atoms" but as persons who live in communitites and require a culture to sustain them.

rely heavily on private sector initiative. Certainly "enterprise zones" and temporary subsidation of private sector re-training for certain groups of workers fall within this category of intervention. The phoenix "industrial policy" does not. The latter erroneously attributes to central planning bureaucrats a knowledge of profits and community interests which is superior to that of entrepreneurs and members of local communities.

Market Policy also includes a crucial distinction between compatible and incompatible forms of intervention, i.e. between those which interfere with the functioning of the price mechanism and those which do not. When adjustment intervention is warranted, care should be taken to minimize the government's direct control of the market. Demand and supply forces and the actions of entrepreneurs should be left as free as possible to guide production and exchange within the legal and moral framework of the market. Tariffs might be used temporarily to ease the shrinkage and restructuring of a large domestic industry faced by a crisis, but quotas and exchange controls would not. They are counterproductive (preserving) because they paralyze the price mechanism and render inefficient and unresponsive domestic producers absolute freedom from foreign competition.

The third component of Roepke's Third Way program entails policies to encourage "rootedness," or political, economic, and social decentralization. This "Structural Policy" includes maintaining a healthy balance between town and country life; encouraging the accumulation of small and medium-sized property in the form of owner-occupied homes, small businesses, and small farms; decentralizing industrial areas; and maintaining a genuine federalism. Of course the Agrarians and Distributists advocated policies to encourage decentralization and to preserve farm life (e.g., low interest loans to help tenant-farmers become farm owners, rural electrification, and tax breaks for small property owners), but it would seem that the ultimate purpose of these policies was to strengthen the family and preserve small property. They knew that the ultimate safeguard of freedom and lasting happiness is the formation of good character in the citizenry through healthy family life in a self-governing community. It is there that one learns mutual responsibility, charity, and hospitality, as well as honesty, thrift, and a sense of workmanship. Welfare policies which undercut family life destroy the roots of a civilization and leave its people fit subjects for the rule of tyrants. Thus welfare reform is an essential part of a conservative political economy of the Third Way. The list may be extended to include tax policy to encourage the accumulation of small property (deductions for interest payments on one's first home should be retained in any simplified tax plan), relief from excessive inheritance taxes which destroy family enterprises, and avoidance of licensing procedures and health and safety regulations which inordinately inhibit the formation of small businesses.

It cannot be claimed that a conservative political economy provides a shortcut to public policy. The gathering and assessing of empirical evidence will have to proceed in the time-honored ways. But it can be claimed that it provides a framework for an integrated approach which is true to the complex nature of human beings. The conservative political economy of Southern Agrarianism and the Third Way are the traditions on which conservatives should draw to develop public policies which treat men not simply as selfish "atoms" but as persons who live in communities and require a culture to sustain them. That is the purpose of Roepke's Positive Economic Policy and Structural Policy. Granted, Third Way political economy does borrow heavily from the positive aspects of classical liberal economics. The market does promote mutual gains from trade, private property is desirable, competition ought to be promoted. Also, there are the many negative criticisms of collectivism which classical liberalism provides: the welfare state and government intervention often do not accomplish any reasonable end and are counterproductive.

Yet the choice is not simply between an abstract individualism and a bloated collectivism. The argument for federalism and "decentralization," if based on the individual, has no logical stopping point except anarchy. But American federalism was based on the idea of self-governing communities. The United States government was to be one of severely limited powers at the same time that the state and local governments maintained the traditional police powers. The mere invocation of police powers does not imply that these powers always have been or always will be used wisely. Policies on this level may be counterproductive for the result intended as well as on the national level. But it is here that the conservative ought to begin looking for evidence. The evidence must not only be the immediately measurable, or opinion polls, but considered judgements of the effects of institutions and public policies on the tone of the society and the character of people. The conservative political economy of the Third Way is capable of integrating the use of such evidence with the traditional approaches to public policy. Thus it provides a framework for unifying the conservatives' fragmented assault against the forces of our own time which are destroying the garden of culture.

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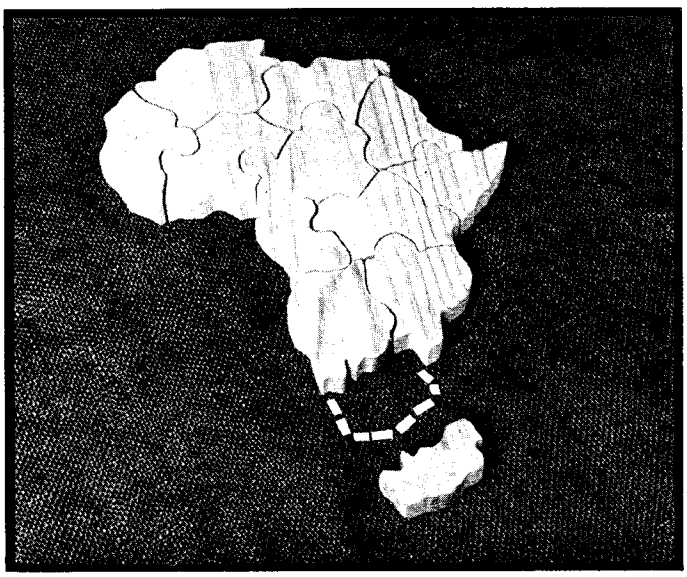
The South African Connection

The Other End of the Lifeboat

by Otto Scott

Mr. Scott's new book **The Other End of the Lifeboat** *(Regnery Gateway) will appear in March. It promises to be the definitive work on South Africa. This article is an excerpt offered as proof aplenty that the abolitionist mentality not only still lives but continues to seek employment in new crusades around the world...but only in certain places, you understand.*



NOTE: Otto Scott's new book (excerpted here) is available by special arrangement to readers of The Southern Partisan. Please consult the advertisement on the inside back cover, this issue.

The entire world knows that South Africa is one of the most strategic regions in the world. Who controls the Cape of Good Hope controls the sea route between East and West, and the South Atlantic as well. The British knew this. That is why Britain occupied the Cape in 1805, during the Napoleonic Wars.

The land importance of South Africa is based upon its enormous mineral wealth and its highly advanced mining and industrial technology. Many of the minerals in which South Africa is rich are crucial to the maintenance of America's defenses. Without these, the U.S. might find it impossible to defend itself.

It therefore is nearly incredible that neither the U.S. armed forces nor industry has been able to persuade the U.S. government to ensure the cooperation of South Africa's government by every means possible. Instead, Washington agreed with a United Nations arms boycott of South Africa, and holds the government of that nation at arms length. The huge naval facilities at Simonstown lie unused by either the British or the Americans, and remained unused even during the Falklands War. Efforts are under way in Congress to make the purchase of Krugerrands illegal, to stop private U.S. investments in South Africa and to encourage rebellions.

This policy, gingerly pursued at first and now gathering increasing momentum, was first launched by the U.S. in the early 1970s, when Henry Kissinger and others became aware that black Africa would not be placated unless the government of South Africa was brought down. Washington was persuaded that a pro-South African policy would lose the U.S. its stake in black Africa.

How did the U.S. get a stake in Africa in the first place? By joining with the USSR to force decolonization in the post-World War II period.

What were America's reasons for turning on Britain, France, Belgium, Holland and Portugal?

The John Brown incident was the match that set off the Civil War...all fires start with ignition. It is important to mention this because a fire is being prepared in South Africa.

These reasons lie deep in American history. From its War of Independence onward, the U.S. has officially been against any power-holding colonies. But as time passed, this policy underwent modification. In 1823 President Monroe issued a doctrine declaring the Western Hemisphere off limits to European (and other) colonial powers. This was interpreted as saying that the U.S. claimed control over the Western Hemisphere, and was regarded as an oblique way of becoming a disguised colonial power. This theory was given added credibility when the U.S. seized Cuba and the Philippines from Spain in the Spanish-American War. The U.S. also took part, unofficially, in the division of Africa in the Conference of Berlin 1884-85.

But an influential body of people in the U.S. was against U.S. sway over Latin America, against the War of 1898, and against U.S. power politics in any form during this period. Those who held those positions were part of a liberal movement, whose ideas finally prevailed inside the U.S. in the post-World War II period. Those ideas are dominant today in the U.S. government, the media, the clergy and academia.

There is no special name for this movement. It started as Unitarianism in the early nineteenth century. It then split into various "benevolent associations" which went after drinking, smoking, gambling, sex, dancing and Sabbath breaking. It was these efforts that gave rise to stereotypes about Puritans, although Puritans by then were long dead. Finally the benevolent crusades merged in the abolitionist movement. This cause was pursued for nearly twenty years with little success, till elements of the clergy were persuaded that slavery was a sin.

At this point matters got out of hand. A group of fringe abolitionists with more money than brains decided to move ahead without waiting for public opinion or the government. The group hired the terrorist John Brown and provided him with the money, guns and inspiration for Harper's Ferry.

This incident is mentioned only because it is the first recorded, documented case in which random murders of innocent persons to make a political point were condoned by the press and swayed public opinion. The combination of wealthy liberalism, the clergy, terror and the media is what we today know as political terrorism. It was invented by Brown and the Secret Six in the US in the 1850s. Later the method was picked up by Russian nihilists (through Emerson and then Nietzsche) and is today known everywhere in the world. It is not so well-known that it was created in the U.S. by a fortuitous combination of circumstances.

In the American instance the prototype worked magically. The Brown incident was the match that set off the Civil War. Many historians probe for deeper reasons, and deeper reasons, of course, exist. But all fires start with ignition.

It is important to mention this, *because a fire is being prepared in South Africa.*

The success of American terrorism did not end with starting the Civil War: it proceeded to convince the American nation and educators that a civil war can be a triumph, if it succeeds in achieving a worthy goal. (The fact that every other nation on earth ended slavery with a stroke of the pen was overlooked. Americans have never paid much attention to patterns in other nations.)

From then until now, most Americans have been taught from childhood that violence is justifiable if the cause is noble, and that a civil war can be a triumph and not a tragedy, if the purpose is to improve the political structure of a nation. For that reason many Americans cheered the Bolsheviks when they overthrew the Russian government, and even today are inclined to sympathize with rebels against governments that are labeled tyrannical or unjust by the American establishment.

These political opinions are for Americans greatly strengthened when coupled with idealistic justifications. In this area, the U.S. clergy continues to play an important role. The abolitionists did not really begin to succeed until they persuaded some elements in the clergy to brand slavery a sin. Any measures against sin then seem reasonable.

For these reasons President Franklin Roosevelt was typically American in considering colonialism a variation of slavery — and a sin. He sided with Stalin and the U.S.S.R. against Churchill and the United Kingdom at both Teheran and Yalta. Of course, there were also practical goals. Roosevelt called on King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia on his way home from Yalta, although the U.S. was not then in the Middle East, to assist U.S. corporations to expand their interests in that region, and to help the Jewish Diaspora gain a homeland in Palestine.

These policies have been pursued ever since, to extend U.S. methods of industrialization and independence everywhere. U.S. multinationals spread around the globe. U.S. manufacturers farmed piecework out to the Philippines, Hong Kong, Taiwan and elsewhere. For a generation the assumptions of U.S. foreign policy appeared sound and successful.

But the U.S.S.R. took a different path. The Soviets did not annex Eastern European countries, for that would have violated its official anticolonialist rhetoric. It installed Communist puppet governments instead, as in the time of British protectorates. The Soviets did not send their troops into foreign areas they sought to colonialize; they sent surrogate troops, or funded and armed local insurgents in "wars of liberation."

These transparently expansionist moves nevertheless put many Americans and British off balance, because they were cloaked in the rhetoric of Westgern idealism and anticolonialism. In each area of Soviet

American terrorism...convinced the American Nation and educators that a civil war can be a triumph if it succeeds in achieving a worthy goal. The fact that every other nation on earth ended slavery with a stroke of the pen was overlooked.

penetration the existing government was portrayed as corrupt and tyrannical. A rebellion was invariably described as a civil war.

These arguments were shrewdly aimed at the shibboleths of American policy. They worked so well in the instance of Vietnam that the U.S. media, with only a few exceptions, swung against the U.S. government effort in that area. The same arguments are still being used by Soviet-armed and funded military movements in Central America, and are credulously accepted by many in the U.S. and the West.

The Soviet case against South Africa is cast along similar lines. It argues that the black people of South Africa, being a majority, are entitled to rule the region. It is seldom explained that the blacks in Southern Africa are divided by tribes and languages and that there is no integrated black majority; merely a collection of black minorities. The simplistic and misleading majority argument was launched when South Africa was still part of the British Empire, which has had a long time to build its case — and to locate, train and fund its adherents. The majority argument worked well as a divisive issue in various parts of the empire's possessions. And it no doubt would have worked equally well in South Africa, if South Africa had been ruled only by the British.

If it had been in exclusively British hands, South Africa would have been entirely turned over to the blacks by 1961. But the Afrikaners resisted the arguments that colonialism is a sin, and that they therefore had no right to remain in control of an area in which they were largely original settlers, and which their forbears legally occupied long before blacks appeared at the Cape.

Afrikaners also resist the English argument for religious reasons. As Calvinists, the Afrikaners are aware that Calvinism has been the target of a protracted and deeply prejudiced media and literary campaign for a very long time. It is often charged that Calvinism holds that black races are descendants of Ham and are therefore condemned to serve the whites. Some Afrikaners believed this in the past, and a sprinkling continue to believe it, much as intellectual mavericks continue to believe in a flat earth. Calvinism was never a theory of racial superiority, and the contemporary Afrikaner theologians are the scholarly equals of their counterparts in other lands. To blame Calvinism for racism is demonstrably false, but is great propaganda.

What the Calvinists actually believe is that the Bible expressly states what is sin. What is not so stated is not a sin. Therefore, although they suffered under British colonialism, the Afrikaners never called colonialism a sin. They called it a trial. And it was a trial they survived.

In effect, the Afrikaner Calvinists are people who were outside the mainstream of Europe in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, and escaped the currents of the French Revolution. They never succumbed to its anti-Christian bias, and they never believed that equality was a practical ideal. The Bible they read insists that sinners are lower than the righteous, and are cast into hell in the afterlife.

Christianity, so far from being a charter for revolution, was outlawed and persecuted in the French Revolution, as it is outlawed and persecuted in *all but name* in the Soviet Union, in Communist China, Cuba and other totalitarian regimes. It is very difficult to tell Christians that they are committing a sin that their religion does not recognize, and get them to believe you.

What is afoot in the U.S., the U.K., and Soviet Union is an argument that cites Christian reasons that in fact do not exist. One is reminded of Dr. Goebbels' habit of taunting the Social Democrats for not being Marxist enough and the Roman Catholic Church of Germany for not being Christian enough, though he himself was neither Marxist nor Christian. It is an argument similar to those mounted by the Unitarians, who split from the American Calvinists in the early nineteenth century, and who began to behave as if they were holier than the Church, the Bible — and God. But the Unitarians were not Christians. Neither were the abolitionists, who believed in terror as a means to achieve brotherly love. Neither are most modern liberals, who are secular at all costs, and who despise Christianity as insufficiently idealist: it does not meet their lofty standards of virtue. But the Afrikaner community of South Africa *is* Christian, and it rules South Africa.

When I first began research for this article we stood at a crucial moment in the history of South Africa — and the world. Dr. Allan Boesak, a colored minister, was elected president of the World Alliance of Reformed (Calvinist) Churches in Ottawa, Ontario shortly after we arrived in South Africa the last time. Simultaneously the prime minister, P.W. Botha, announced some changes in the governmental structure, giving more political power to colored and Indians. With that, the Conservative party in South Africa split with the Nationalist party. That marked the first real political split among the Afrikaners in a generation.

Both developments are important. The alliance, by electing Boesak, voted to brand apartheid a sin. That is a huge stride toward the ecclesiastical boycott of the

Afrikaners in the Christian world community, or what remains of it. Of course, the World Council of Churches, the South African Council of Churches, and their allied bodies had long ago taken such steps against the government of South Africa. So had the U.N., which funds a special committee to work against the Afrikaner republic. The World Alliance of Reformed Churches was one of the last holdouts. When the alliance's action is added to the sports boycott, the congressional resolutions, the increase in terrorist bombings and the pressures put upon the U.S. and the west by black African nations and increasing East-West rivalry in Africa, it all amounts to a tightening of the world's noose around the Afrikaner neck.

The Afrikaners are aware, as is the world, that the U.S., the U.K. and the U.S.S.R. are combined to change the governmental structure of South Africa. They are aware, as is the world, that those nations that have been turned over to black rules have not prospered, but, instead, been scenes of turmoil and massacre. Unlike the Jews, Armenians, British and others, the Afrikaners have no communities outside South Africa; thus, no place of refuge in event of an overthrow of their power. The impression that I gained is that they have no intention of surrendering.

Nor do they have any intention of accepting the prescription of their enemies — installing a system of one man, one vote. They regard that as a transparent demand that they commit political suicide. They take the same position in that respect as does Israel to the demand of Yasser Arafat and the PLO that Israel accept Arabs as equal partners. The Israelis regard that proposal as tantamount to demanding an end to the Jewish state. Therefore there will be no one man, one vote in Israel in the foreseeable future — or in South Africa.

But that does not mean that no progress is envisioned. I found a majority of Afrikaners of the belief that apartheid is too rigid, too strictly enforced and the cause of too many individual hardships to be retained in its entirety. Therefore it seems that many existing restrictions on black, colored and Indian people will doubtless be relaxed in South Africa. I was profoundly impressed by the progress of black people in South Africa and by their amazing progress into the most technical positions. South Africa is proving that the black Africans can participate in high technology if opportunities exist.

I was also impressed by some of the plans for a confederation of states in southern Africa. It is impossible, of course, to know precisely what the weather will be a week from next Thursday, and the same is true of the political, economic and human condition of the world. But it is clear that all human wisdom does not reside in the liberal and/or Marxist movements, and it is equally clear that better solutions to contemporary problems must exist, and can be found. Therefore, the Afrikaner's search seems to me to contain optimistic elements.

In contrast, many parts of black Africa have proved that regression to tribal cruelty and dictatorial rule is possible when leftist regimes are supported by western nations with ulterior motives. The U.S.S.R. stands today behind some of the most odious dictatorships in Africa and other regions, but the Soviet Union with its Gulag Archipelago, is itself a stomach-turning dictatorship.

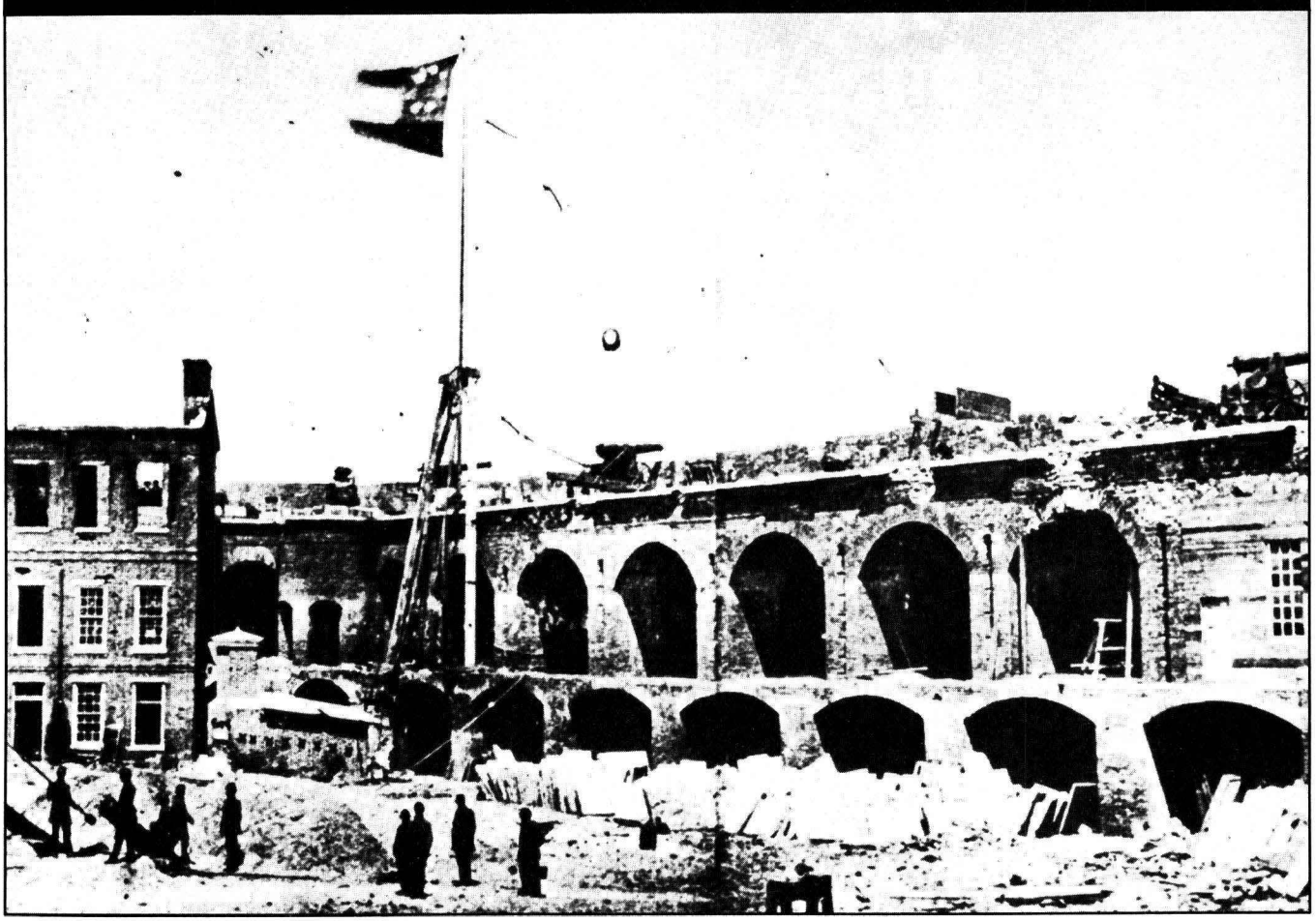
How many clergymen and liberals can accept the slavery of the U.S.S.R. in its empire and satellites and boggle at South Africa remains a startling example of the appropriateness of Jesus' remarks to the erring scribes of His day:

"Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel" (Matthew 23:24).

Otto Scott has written six other books, including *The Secret Six: John Brown and the Abolitionist Movement.*

FORT SUMTER
April 14, 1861
February 17, 1865

by
Zed H. Burns



All day Thursday, the eleventh of April, Charlestonians had strained eyes seaward toward Ft. Sumter in the harbor, but no martial sound of cannon had come to their ears. Now, at evening with darkness closing in, the tension lessened somewhat. Darkness, while it hid the fort, also concealed the city from guns of possible Federal warships. Some few lingered in their vigil at the battery, but before midnight even these had sought their homes and beds.

And so it was, when the boom of the first signal gun tumbled all of Charleston from bed. The night was cold, clammy, and filled with fog at four-thirty when again the population of Charleston scurried to the battery, the wharves, and the rooftops. The signal gun from Ft. Johnson was followed at once by one from James Island, and that by a gun from the battery of artillery on Morris Island, fired this time by white-haired Edmund Ruffin. Soon all the guns of the harbor joined the chorus. This continued for three hours until at seven-thirty Anderson returned the fire from his own guns in the fort. With the first salvo from Sumter, a cheer went up from the gathered multitude much as if the happenings they witnessed were the events of some sporting contest.

These events and activities, which culminated in the signal shot just fired, had not come about suddenly, nor without great provocation of long standing, at least in the minds of the South Carolinians. The ordinance of secession withdrawing South Carolina from the Federal Union had been passed unanimously on December 20th.

When Campbell, an Alabamian, asked the Secretary of State what he might write President Davis regarding Ft. Sumter and Ft. Pickens, Seward replied that before Davis received the letter he would learn that the order for the evacuation of Sumter had been made. He said further that no change would be made in the status of Ft. Pickens as it was bound under an armistice arranged under President Buchanan.

The unanimity of this vote suggests a lack of any doubt in the minds of the voters of the right of South Carolina to withdraw from a pact which she as one of the original thirteen states had helped to create. It may also indicate the peaceful intent of the convention. Had this action been regarded as leading to war, there would almost certainly have been "no" voices heard.

Almost at once, Governor Francis Pickens of South Carolina had sent representatives to the Federal government in Washington to settle peacefully and amicably questions of property ownership, etc. On March 12, these Confederate representatives, Martin J. Crawford of Georgia, Alfred B. Roman of Louisiana, and John Forsyth of Alabama, who came to be known as "peace commissioners," requested an interview with the Secretary of State, William H. Seward. The Secretary refused to see the commissioners but did agree to communicate with them through Justice Samuel Nelson and Justice John A. Campbell of the Supreme Court. When Campbell, an Alabamian, asked the Secretary of State what he might write President Davis regarding Ft. Sumter and Ft. Pickens, Seward replied that before Davis received the letter he would learn that the order for the evacuation of Sumter had been made. He said further that no change would be made in the status of Ft. Pickens as it was bound under an armistice arranged under President Buchanan.

On this question of the forts, President Lincoln had sought the advice of his cabinet, all of whom, with the exception of the Postmaster General, Montgomery Blair, had favored evacuation, as had General Joseph Totten of the Army Engineer Corps and General Winfield Scott, General in Chief of the Army. On the day following the request by the Peace Commissioners to see Secretary Seward, a plan for sending troops to Ft. Sumter was presented to Lincoln by Gustavus V. Fox, soon to become Assistant Secretary of the Navy. As a result of this plan, Fox was sent by the President to Charleston to detect the temper and intentions of the people there. Arriving in Charleston, Fox met with his Southern friend, Captain Henry J. Hartstene, formerly of the United States Navy but now and Aide-de-camp to General Beauregard. Through this friend, Fox was introduced to Governor Pickens and was given an interview with General Beauregard and also was allowed to visit Major Anderson at Ft. Sumter. In his conversations with Major Anderson, Fox found that officer discouraged and of the opinion that it was too late for the fort to be relieved. Fox said nothing to Anderson of a relief expedition, although he later expressed confidence in the possible success of such an effort.

As early as March 5, President Lincoln had found on his desk a letter from Acting Secretary of War, Joseph Holt of Kentucky, telling him that Ft. Sumter must be strongly reinforced within a short time, estimated at 8 to 40 days, or abandoned. Now on March 29 with supplies at Fort Sumter nearly exhausted, he again consulted his cabinet on the matter of the forts. This time three of the seven secretaries favored holding the fort. Only the day before, General Scott had advised abandonment of both Sumter and Pickens. Still undecided as to the most desirable course to follow, Lincoln ordered an expedition to be prepared in New York harbor for Anderson's relief to be "used or not according to circumstances." On April 6, the President learned of the difficulties encountered in a Federal effort to take over Fort Pickens. This may have influenced him in allowing the Fort Sumter expedition to go ahead. At the same time, Lincoln sent R.S. Chew, a State Department clerk, to Governor Pickens to inform him of the expedition and to say to the Governor that the troops aboard the ship would not be landed unless the provisioning was not allowed or the fort fired upon.

While the above events were taking place on the Washington scene, numerous developments had occurred in Charleston with respect to Fort Sumter. Pierre Goustave Toutant Beauregard of Louisiana, who resigned from the Federal Army when the secession of his state appeared imminent, had visited Jefferson Davis in Montgomery and had been asked by Mr. Davis to take command at Charleston, where he arrived March 3 as a newly created Brigadier General.

Shortly after the Fox visit to Charleston, Mr. Lincoln sent a friend of his Springfield days, Ward H. Lamon, on a confidential mission to determine the attitude of the people of Charleston as a whole toward secession and the Union. Lamon, like Fox, was allowed to visit Major Anderson at Fort Sumter. He told Governor Pickens he "had come to try to arrange for a removal of the garrison."

The two visits by personal representatives of the President plus the assurances given Judge Campbell by Secretary Seward seemed to indicate that the troops at Fort Sumter would be withdrawn. Actually, General Winfield Scott had written out an order for Major Anderson to evacuate Fort Sumter, which read, "you will after communicating your purpose to His Excellency, the Governor So. Carolina, engage suitable water transportation & peacefully evacuate Fort Sumter...[and] with your entire command embark for New York," which he hoped the President would let him send. While there was no outward indication of need for alarm, by the end of March the Confederate President, Governor Pickens, and General Beauregard began to wonder what the real intentions of the Lincoln administration might be.

Because of his many friends in the North and his rather lengthy residence in Washington, D.C., both as a Senator and as a Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis had a strong belief that the weight of Northern opinion was heavily against any move by the Federal government which would bring about war. What he had not known was where Major Anderson, who had just been informed that a relief expedition was on the way, stood until

a letter from Anderson to Colonel Lorenzo Thomas, the Adjutant General, was intercepted by Beauregard and a copy sent to Mr. Davis. The letter in its original form follows:

Fort Sumter, S.C., April 8, 1861.
Col. L. Thomas, Adjutant-General U.S. Army:

COLONEL: I have the honor to report that the resumption of work yesterday (Sunday) at various points on Morris Island, and the vigorous prosecution of it this morning, apparently strengthening nearly all the batteries which are under the fire of our guns, shows that they either have received some news from Washington which has put them on the qui vive or that they have received orders from Montgomery to commence operations here. I am preparing by the side of my barbette guns protection for our men from the shells, which will be almost continuously bursting over or in our work.

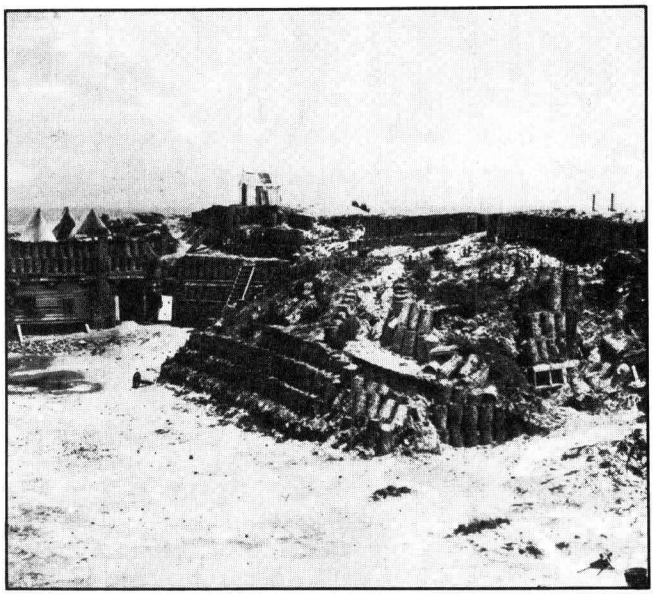
I had the honor to receive by yesterday's mail the letter of the honorable Secretary of War, dated April 4, and confess that what he there states surprises me very greatly, following as it does and contradicting so positively the assurance Mr. Crawford telegraphed he was authorized to make. I trust that this matter will be at once put in a correct light, as a movement made now, when the South has been erroneously informed that none such will be attempted, would produce most disastrous results throughout our country.

It is, of course, now too late for me to give any advice in reference to the proposed scheme of Captain Fox. I fear that its result cannot fail to be disastrous to all concerned. Even with his boat at our walls the loss of life (as I think I mentioned to Mr. Fox) in unloading her will more than pay for the good to be accomplished by the expedition, which keeps us, if I can maintain possession of this work, out of position, surrounded by strong works, which must be carried to make this fort of the least value to the United States Government.

We have not oil enough to keep a light in the lantern for one night. The boats will have, therefore, to rely at night entirely upon other marks. I ought to have been informed that this expedition was to come. Colonel Lamon's remarks convinced me that the idea, merely hinted at to me by Captain Fox, would not be carried out. We shall strive to do our duty, though I frankly say that my heart is not in the war which I see is to be thus commenced. That God will still avert it, and cause us to resort to pacific measures to maintain our rights, is my ardent prayer.

I am, colonel, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

ROBERT ANDERSON,
Major, First Artillery, Commanding.



Robert Anderson was a professional soldier and a loyal citizen of the Union. Perhaps for these reasons he asked that the letter to Adjutant General Thomas be destroyed after it was read. Why his request was not granted is unknown.

On April 8, Beauregard received from Judge Crawford, one of the Peace Commissioners, a telegram saying that the day before, assurances had been given that the status of Fort Sumter would not be changed without prior notice to Governor Pickens. Crawford added that the Commissioners lacked faith in this and that war policy prevailed in the Lincoln Cabinet. These assurances had been given the day following that on which the relief expedition under Fox had left New York harbor for Fort Sumter.

The last note to the Lincoln administration from the Peace Commissioners was sent April 9. The copy sent to Mr. Davis in Montgomery read:

Your refusal to entertain these overtures for a peaceful solution, the active naval and military preparations, and the formal notice ...can only be received by the world as a declaration of war. ...For the President of the United States knows that Fort Sumter cannot be provisioned without the effusion of blood...

The undersigned are not aware of any Constitutional power in the President of the United States to levy war, without the consent of Congress, upon a foreign People, much less upon any portion of the People of the United States...

Whatever may be the result, impartial history will record the innocence of the Government of the Confederate States, and place the responsibility of the blood and mourning that may ensue upon those who have denied that great fundamental doctrine of American liberty, that "Governments, derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," and who have set naval and land armaments in motion to subject the people of one portion of this land to the will of another portion.

On April 10, the Confederate Government received the last dispatch from the Peace Commissioners which reported an article in the New York *Tribune* claiming the purpose of the Fox expedition was the relief of Fort Sumter.

On this same date, Beauregard telegraphed Montgomery that an attempt by the Federals to reinforce Fort Sumter would be made very soon. In his consultation with his Cabinet, Davis found only the Secretary of State, Robert Toombs, opposed to taking the fort by force. Doubtless Toombs felt that to do so was to play into the hands of the Lincoln Administration. The next morning, the President wired Beauregard to demand the evacuation of Fort Sumter and if this was refused to reduce it. The afternoon of April 11, under a flag of truce, Beauregard's aides, Colonel James Chestnut, Jr., and Captain Stephen D. Lee, crossed over to Fort Sumter in a small boat and conveyed the Confederate demand to Major Anderson. The letter in its original form follows:

HEADQUARTERS PROVISIONAL, ARMY, S.C.C.A,
Charleston, S.C. April 11, 1961

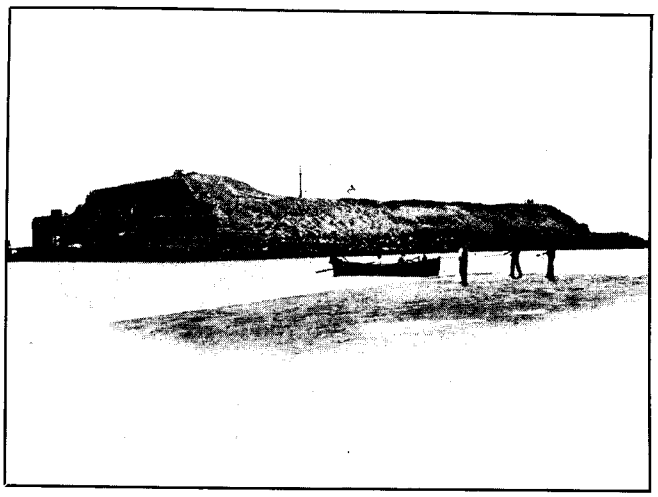
SIR: The Government of the Confederate States has hitherto forborne from any hostile demonstration against Fort Sumter, in the hope that the Government of the United States, with a view to the amicable adjustment of all questions between the two Governments, and to avert the calamities of war, would voluntarily evacuate it.

There was reason at one time to believe that such would be the course pursued by the Government of the United States, and under that impression my Government has refrained from making any demand for the surrender of the fort. But the Confederate States can no longer delay assuming actual possession of a fortification commanding the entrance of one of their harbors, and necessary to its defense and security.

I am ordered by the Government of the Confederate States to demand the evacuation of Fort Sumter. My aides, Colonel Chestnut and Captain Lee, are authorized to make such demand of you. All proper facilities will be afforded for the removal of yourself and command, together with company arms and property, and all private property, to any post in the United States which you may select. The flag which you have upheld so long and with so much fortitude, under the most trying circumstances, may be saluted by you on taking it down.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

G.T. BEAUREGARD,
Brigadier-General, Commanding
Maj. ROBERT ANDERSON,
Commanding at Fort Sumter,
Charleston Harbor, S.C.



Anderson considered the letter thoughtfully for some time and then drafted a brief reply saying that his sense of honor and his obligation to his government prevented his compliance with the request. He remarked sadly, "I will await the first shot," and then added, seemingly as much to himself as to his listeners, "If you do not batter us to pieces we will be starved out in a few days."

Along with his reply, Anderson's remarks were communicated to Mr. Davis. The President made one last effort to avoid conflict. He had Beauregard notify Anderson that if he would name a time when Fort Sumter would be evacuated that no guns would be used against him.

Once more Beauregard's aides crossed to Fort Sumter and delivered the message to Major Anderson who considered it thoughtfully and called his officers into a midnight conference. Although a loyal Union officer, he was also a Kentuckian whose wife was from Georgia. At about two-thirty April 12, after much deliberation, he wrote out the following, "I will, if provided with the proper and necessary transportation, evacuate Fort Sumter by noon the 15th...should I not receive prior to that time controlling instructions from my Government of additional supplies." The Confederate representatives read the reply eagerly and hopefully, until they came to the last sentence. They consulted with each other. With the expedition already overdue, no time could be lost. Chestnut requested paper and pen and wrote out the following answer:

FORT SUMTER, S.C., April 12, 1861
3:20 a.m.

SIR: By authority of Brigadier General Beauregard, commanding the Provisional Forces of the Confederate States, we have the honor to notify you that he will open the fire of his batteries on Fort Sumter in one hour from this time.

We have the honor to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JAMES CHESTNUT, JR.
Aide-de-Camp
STEPHEN D. LEE,
Captain, S.C. Army, Aide-de-Camp
Maj. ROBERT ANDERSON,
U.S. Army Commanding Fort Sumter.

Anderson accepted the decision regretfully and went with the Confederates to their small boat. As they pulled away, he called out to them, "If we never meet in this world again, God grant that we may meet in the next."

In the preparation of their answer, Chestnut and Lee did not know that some of the ships of the relief expedition were then at their rendezvous point near Fort Sumter. Making up the expedition were the following: The *Powhatan, Pawnee, Pocahontas,* and *Harriet Lane,* the steam tugs, *Uncle Ben, Yankee,* and *Freeborn,* also the merchant ship *Baltic* which had G.V. Fox aboard. Fox was anxious to proceed directly to Fort Sumter where he must have felt that fame awaited him, but the Captain of the *Pawnee* flatly refused to do this, as his orders were to await and rendezvous with the *Powhatan* which carried the orders for the expedition, also the launches and the sailors to man them. By virtue of a mix-up in directions in the form of orders given by both Lincoln and Seward, this ship was to proceed to Pensacola and Fort Pickens. Thus by the Federal's own count an expedition of eight vessels, twenty-six guns, and fourteen hundred men was rendered incapable of performing the mission it had set out to accomplish.

The dawn of Friday the 12th ushered in the roar of guns from Fort Johnson, also from Cummings Point on Morris Island and from the Confederate floating battery. During the early part of the day, the gunners in Fort Sumter manned their guns well and answered bravely the fire poured in upon them. Shortly before noon, the barracks in Fort Sumter caught fire. This fire was extinguished, but the fire broke out again several times. During the afternoon and evening, the Confederate fire slackened greatly, while with darkness fire from the fort ceased. Shortly after daylight, fire from Fort Sumter was resumed with vigor. By mid-morning the fort was again on fire with the powder magazines being seriously threatened. About one-thirty in the afternoon, the Fort Sumter flag was shot down.

Seeing the flag go down, Louis T. Wigfall, recently United States Senator from Texas, but now one of General Beauregard's aides, set out for the fort in a small boat. Although the Fort Sumter flag was soon replaced, Wigfall continued his journey to the fort. He had tied his handkershief to his sword to serve as a flag of truce, but he was unobserved by those in the fort until his face appeared beside the muzzle of the guns at an embrasure. One may well imagine the surprise of the gun commander. He asked to see Major Anderson and was at once taken to him. Anderson was told that if he would surrender the fort that he might name his own terms. The Major agreed to accept the terms already offered him by General Beauregard, whereupon the United States flag was taken down and replaced by a white one. Shortly after Wigfall's departure, other aides from Beauregard arrived, and for a time it seemed that the battle would be resumed; this was avoided because the new representatives convinced Anderson that Beauregard would accept the terms which Anderson and Wigfall had agreed upon. The next day the garrison and its commander marched out of the fort while a salute of 100 guns was being fired. On the 50th round of this salute the only fatality of the battle occurred, one man was killed by an accidental explosion and another so badly wounded he died the next day. As the steamer Isabel with the Federal soldiers on board passed the Confederate batteries on Cummings Point, the soldiers there watched in awestruck silence and stood with uncovered heads.

Fort Sumter in the hands of the Confederates gave Charleston protection from attack by water and became a thorn in the side of the Union blockade. For the duration of the war, numerous ships ran the blockade under the guns of Sumter.

Although in the hands of the Confederates, Fort Sumter was by no means forgotten by the Federals. To the Lincoln Administration, the possession of a fort by the South from which a Union garrison had been driven was an unacceptable and galling reality which they were determined to change.

For a period of about two years, no very serious effort was made to regain Fort Sumter. Early in April 1863, a fleet of nine ironclads of the Monitor type appeared. As one of them, the *Weehawken,* came within range, Fort Moultrie opened fire. The guns of Fort Sumter had been trained on a channel buoy; as the ironclads came abreast of this point all the guns of the fort let loose, followed by those on Sullivan's Island, Fort Moultrie, and Cummings Point. Within two and one-half hours, 2,209 rounds were hurled at the ironclads, who were able to get off only about 150 rounds in return and were much hampered by unwieldiness and limited vision. Five of the ironclads were seriously damaged, and one of them, the *Keokuk,* sank the next morning. For the Confederate defenders, this was no small victory.

The next Union move was to capture and then to fortify positions, first on Folly and then also on Morris Island. After two months of hard fighting, the Federals were able to force the Confederates to evacuate batteries Wagner and Gregg. This meant that Morris Island was in Union hands. In an effort to force the evacuation of Fort Sumter, the Union General, Quincy A. Gilmore, on Morris Island threatened to shell the city of Charleston. Actually shells were fired into Charleston but did little damage. When the Union Admiral, John A. Dahlgren, demanded the surrender of Fort Sumter, he was told by Beauregard he could have it when he could take and hold it.

In September Dahlgren decided the fort could be taken by assault using small-boats. The attempt was made using some 400 sailors and marines. The garrison in Fort Sumter held its fire until the boats were in the process of landing. The Union loss amounted to 124 killed, wounded, or captured. Again the effort to take Fort Sumter ended in dismal failure.

In October a very heavy bombardment of Fort Sumter was carried out, and in the summer of 1864 a third sustained effort was made, in which some 14,666 rounds of very heavy ammunition was thrown against the fort.

It was not until February 17, 1865, with General Sherman in Columbia, South Carolina, that Fort Sumter was quietly abandoned. It had withstood 3,500 tons of metal, a fleet of ironclads, and many thousands of troops.

***Zed H. Burns, a member of the Sons of Confederate Veterans, has taught at five major Southern Universities. The last being the University of Southern Mississippi where he retired as head of the Industrial Arts Department. He has since received Master Degrees in both History and Linguistics. Mr. Burns has also written a book entitled* Confederate Forts.**

A Partisan Conversation

With Ambassador David B. Funderburk

There are very few non-Scalawagous Southerners in positions of high service in Ronald Reagan's Administration, none at the cabinet level (since Jim Edwards of South Carolina left Energy). The unspoken rule in the White House seems to be that it might be OK for presidential appointments to be Southern just as long as they don't think or act like Southerners.

David B. Funderburk, Ambassador to Rumania, is therefore exceptional, both in his qualifications to serve and his singular position as a good Southerner who has nevertheless, managed to arrive at a position of appointive influence in Mr. Reagan's government. Perhaps Jim Baker had the flu the day David Funderburk's name left the president's desk.

But miracles are to be enjoyed not disected. Therefore we give you this* Partisan *conversation with the un-Reconstructed American Ambassador to the government of Rumania. Mr. Funderburk, a native of Virginia, holds a Ph.D. from USC (the University of South Carolina, for the benefit of those who might confuse it with a lesser institution on the west coast). He has also studied at UCLA, the University of Washington and received his B.A. and M.A. from Wake Forest University. Prior to his confirmation as Ambassador, Dr. Funderburk taught history at Campbell University, where he also served as grants coordinator (1978-81) and Hardin-Simmons University (1972-78). Before that he was a USIA Foreign Service Staff Advisor in Rumania. He has written or edited three books (one in Rumanian) as well as various scholarly articles and reviews.

This exclusive* Partisan *conversation was given in Ambassador Funderburk's Washington office.

PARTISAN: Mr. Ambassador, you were confirmed by the Senate as Ambassador to a Communist country without having to compromise or soft-peddle your anti-communism. Yet conservative ambassadors to south African countries seem to feel that they are required to denounce the independent tendencies of white African leaders in order to receive Senate confirmation. How do you explain this?

AMBASSADOR: Actually, I came under tremendous amount of pressure at Senate confirmation hearings because of the book that I had written about the mis-teaching of communism in American universities [*The Blind Lead The Blind]*; my nomination was held up for a short time while Senators Sarbannes, Kennedy, Biden and others went through the book sentence by sentence, wanting to know why the U.S. Government would send an anti-communist to a communist country.

PARTISAN: You are something of a rare bird in the Reagan Administration: a Southern conservative appointed and confirmed to an office of high and important responsibility. Since the South is such a crucial part of Mr. Reagan's

coalition, why in your view, do we not have more Southern conservatives in appointed positions?

AMBASSADOR: That's a very good question. There are a lot of different forces and influences at work in Washington and basically you have to have people who are supporters and promoters, those willing to stick their necks out and to go to bat for you. Also, as you know, the "orthodox view" is that there are very few conservatives who were credentialed under previous administrations, and therefore when this administration looked around to find qualified or experienced conservatives they were difficult to find. So I think in my own case, the fact that I had some experience with Rumania, this specific country, and that I had the wholehearted backing of Senator Helms and other Southern conservatives all this was a major plus for me.

PARTISAN: Does it seem to you that Southerners tend to be generally more anti-communist than natives of other regions? If so, why?

AMBASSADOR: It seems to me to be the case. I don't know why, other than the fact that Southerners seem to be more proud of their American heritage and certainly more vocal and overt in their patriotism. So in this sense, I guess they are more concerned about the loss of freedoms and what we have in the United States. Also, Southerners have a lot of common sense, as we say horse sense, and common sense is a characteristic that may be lacking among a lot of large city dwellers.

PARTISAN: You were one of the ambassadors that endorsed Jesse Helms in the re-election campaign, yet at least one of your colleagues from the South refused to join you. How do you react to the charge that ambassadors should not become involved in party politics?

AMBASSADOR: Well, it is a tradition among diplomats not to be involved in party politics because you are a representative of all the people in the United States. And to some degree a partisan endorsement could be construed as lessening your bipartisanship and lessening your ability to represent all Americans as opposed to just one segment, so I can see legitimately the argument on that side. But I felt that the re-election of Senator Helms was more important than any pretention of

bipartisanship, and I felt that a three-year record in Rumania representing every American who asked me for any assistance would certainly outweigh any charge to that effect. I just felt that both for the future of the country, the future of conservatism, as well as support for the Reagan administration, Senator Helms' re-election was indespensable.

PARTISAN: You may not want to comment on this, but how do you feel about Senator Helms not taking the Chairmanship of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee?

AMBASSADOR: Well, I'm disappointed. Senator Helms does go probably more than any other Senator on his word, and he certainly gave his word to the citizens of North Carolina. But I think there was a possibility, if the right scenario had developed, for him to have taken it if he had wanted it. He had the right to do this under the Senate rules. I wish that he had, because I know that he has a great interest in foreign policy.

PARTISAN: How have your own Southern roots affected your work as the Rumanian Ambassador?

AMBASSADOR: Well, I think some things we have been able to relate to are the fact that Rumanians are very hospitable and they serve good foods, some of which are similar to foods here in the South. They are a very friendly people, they like Americans, and we have been able to get along well on a person to person and family to family relationship, they care a lot about families, and they are a religious people by heritage, and so all these characteristics have made it somewhat easier to deal with say, Rumanians, than other people.

PARTISAN: How active is the KGB in Rumania? I was told that every tour group has a KGB agent with them.

AMBASSADOR: I will have to make a distinction between the Rumanian secret forces and the Soviet KGB. There is a big question about what the relationship is between the Soviet Intelligence and the Rumanian Intelligence. Certainly they do have a relationship, but there is a big debate about how close it is. The intelligence forces in Rumania seem to be everywhere, and Rumanians are paranoid, intimidated and frightened by the fact that they are everywhere. So as a general rule of thumb one out of every three people is an informant or works for the security forces on a regular basis. This is one of the major reasons why Rumanians are not as vocal and revolutionary as, say, the Poles. Because they are repressed. They are intimidated by the omnipresence of the security forces.

PARTISAN: On the scale of freedom from Moscow's line, where would Rumania stand, say, in comparison to Bulgaria?

AMBASSADOR: Well, I don't take the official position. In my view (and a lot of embassy people and people in Department of Defense would agree) Rumania does not have an independent foreign policy. It would be impossible for Rumania as a member of the Warsaw Pact, with half of its border shared by the Soviet Union, to be running a policy that was completely independent of Moscow; so the deeper we dig the more evidence we see of Soviet Rumanian collaboration.

PARTISAN: Could I expand on that? You've exploded some dynamite issues in your relatively brief tenure. For example, your view of the reasons behind the Rumanian participation in the Olympics, when the Russians boycotted the games. You have enlightened audiences as to your own perspective on the story behind that story. Would you briefly go over that for our readers?

AMBASSADOR: I think a general arrangement was made with or between the Soviets and Rumanians some years ago. Perhaps 20 years ago, perhaps even earlier, whereby Rumania would take positions that occasionally diverge from the Soviets in order to appear to be more of a maverick, and thereby gain access to a favored nation

status. Certainly it is true that in the past 20 years Rumania has convinced most of the nations around the world that it is different from the other Warsaw Pact countries and therefore deserves to be treated differently. And generally there is a more favorable perception of Rumania. However, if you look very closely at votes in the General Assembly, in the UN, the record of Rumania is little different from that of the Soviet Union. For example, the Afganistan Resolution. The Soviet Union along with its other allies naturally, voted against the Afganistan Resolution again this year. Rumania chose not to show up to vote. But this was the only country in the Warsaw Pact that took a different position. So this enables Rumania, along with her attendance at the Olympics, to reinforce this image of being somehow different and somehow independent. I don't think there's much to it, and we have a lot of evidence to support this view.

PARTISAN: But beyond that, you are suggesting that it is a calculated image, and if so, there must be certain benefits to the Soviets from having one of their Eastern European satellites as a conduit to the West. What are those benefits, what flows through that conduit?

AMBASSADOR: I agree with your conclusion, whether or not this was a program designed jointly with the Soviet Union, and we may never know if such is the case. But it is in the Soviet Union's interest as well for Rumania to have relations with Israel. No other satellite country does. It is in the Soviet Union's best interest for Rumania to have good relations with West Germany and with other western countries. It's a fact that the Soviet Union can gain both economically and technologically by the fact that one of its allies in the Warsaw Pact is perceived as being different. And therefore is given greatger access to the west.

PARTISAN: How much religious freedom is there in Rumania and to what extent are Orthodox, Catholic and Protestants persecuted?

AMBASSADOR: Well, the Rumanian Orthodox church is the national church in Rumania. Most of the people belong nominally and historically to the Orthodox Church. The Catholic Church is second in number and is made up mainly of minorities such as Hungarians and Germans. After that, the religious groups which are growing and having the most success in Rumania are the neo-Protestants, the Pentecostals and Adventists and Baptists. And the more success a religious group has, the more they seem to be persecuted, discriminated against, or put under pressure by the government. In my view, religious freedom is severely limited in Rumania, and also in the other East European countries. For instance, you cannot belong to the Communist Party and be a practicing Christian at the same time. In order to go anywhere in society, to be part of the government, to be part of the elite, you need to be a member of the Communist Party. There are a few exceptions, but very few. Those who go to church are discriminated against and persecuted in several additional ways. You cannot be a teacher in school. You cannot be a foreman in a factory. You cannot hold down a position of authority or influence. We have actual records, complete with regulation number, showing that this person was fired from his job as a factory foreman or as a school teacher because he belonged to a Baptist church, or a Pentacostal church. So if you go to a church in Rumania on a regular basis and if you participate in religious activities, you pay a very heavy price for it. You hear about someone traveling to Moscow or to Budapest, walking into a church, and saying, "Well, this church is full. Therefore there is religious freedom." It is not like that.

PARTISAN: Does anybody really listen to Radio Free Europe or the Voice of America? If anyone does listen to it, what is it dishing out?

AMBASSADOR: Without question, we know that Rumanians listen to Radio Free Europe and Voice of America, and they listen to them more than they listen to any other radio station. Radio Free Europe is listened to far more, and is really known as the No. 1 station in Rumania. The Rumanian government frowns on people listening to these broadcasts. They don't frown as much on Rumanians listening to Voice of America. There is a difference in what VOA says and what RFE says. RFE is in many ways more hard hitting. It talks about specific immigration cases and persecution cases in Rumania. Therefore it is an embarrassment to the Rumanian government, and for that reason it is welcomed by the Rumanian people. But VOA basically dishes out American news with jazz programs and music and cultural items which are of great interest to the Rumanians but which are not a threat to Rumanian society.

PARTISAN: In other words, what you are really saying is VOA could be a typical American television network and the diet might not be significantly different from CBS let's say.

AMBASSADOR: I wouldn't disagree with that.

PARTISAN: VOA would not shy away from doing a documentary on the uncounted enemy, as they did in the Westmoreland case. They have done things along this line...

AMBASSADOR: They had done things along this line in the past. However I would say that under the Reagan administration and Charles Woods' leadership at USIA they have made an effort to at least balance this with programs that show the US in a favorable light, so I would say within the past three years they have made a more objective effort than some of the major TV networks.

PARTISAN: Would you comment on the recent freeing of Father Cranciul?

AMBASSADOR: This was a welcome development for us. We had been pushing for it. A high-level American official had considered this to be the Number One "human rights case" in Rumania during the past several years. So it was a welcome development for Father Cranciul to be freed by the Rumanian government. I think the discussions we have had with authorities there helped convince them that this would clear the air somewhat in the U.S., and maybe even make it possible for the U.S. to be more helpful and more friendly to Rumania. So I think this was a factor — we are still concerned about the fact that Father Cranciul has not been allowed freedom to move about, that as far as we know he is virtually under house arrest. He has expressed a desire and intention to emigrate to the United States, but he has not been able to come to the American Embassy or to contact us. We have tried to

contact him and to visit him but have been unable to do so. So he is out of jail — which is good — but he is not out of his house, or out of his country.

PARTISAN: Are Third World Marxist countries, like Nicaragua receiving assistance from Soviet satellite countries, including Rumania?

AMBASSADOR: It varies from country to country, but fundamentally speaking every Warsaw Pact country in Eastern Europe has a task to perform for the Pact and all of these countries send aid in one way or another to Angola, to El Salvadore and to Cuba: so whether it is military aid or technical advisors, whether uniforms, medical iad, or supply aid — every country in Eastern Europe is involved in the guerilla warfare against legitimate pro-western or even neutral governments around the world and most of these countries are also giving assistance to terrorists as well as to pro-communist guerillas around the world.

PARTISAN: Do many Rumanians come into the USIA Office and do they avidly read what is provided there? (I assume they are watched too.)

AMBASSADOR: Yes, this is our assumption, too. They do come into the American library, which is part of the USIA section at the Embassy, and they do read *Time, Newsweek, The Tribune* and American books. When, for the most part are printed in English. So first of all this limits the readership to those who know English, which is pretty much the elite, and educated elite, many of whom are members of the Party. As such, they are presumably watched and Rumanians working in our own library report on who goes in and who goes out. The Rumanian officials know very well who come in and there for the most part. But what impact his has, I don't know. It's almost impossible to say. But I would say that while I think it's helpful, it's limited; and we need to be aware of the fact that we are not reaching the masses, of 22 million Rumanians, when maybe several hundred come into the library, most of whom are the same people who come in week after week.

***PARTISAN: Would they read the* Southern Partisan?**

AMBASSADOR: If we had it, they might; and I did check with the Embassy before I left and they did not think they had the *Southern Partisan* but I will see what we can do about it when I get back.

PARTISAN: He wrote an article for us after that. In conclusion, the last question. There have been so many shifts in the Soviet leadership in the last year or two; and considering the advanced age of the most prominent members of the Soviet Communist Party, do you see any potential in the future for a mellowing of the Soviet Union even in our lifetime?

AMBASSADOR: I'm not of the school that believes that because Andropov supposedly listened to western music and read western magazines and wore western clothes that somehow he was more amenable to dealing with the west and was more understanding of our system. I personally don't believe that anyone in the hierarchy in the Soviet Union really understands the difference between their system and our system, or that there is a dime's worth of difference among these leaders and that therefore we can play off the Doves vs. the Hawks, the good guys vs. the bad guys. I think they are all cut out of the same cloth essentially, and that when Romanoff or Ustinov or whoever replaces Chernenko there aren't going to be any great differences. I suppose the one advantage that we have regardless of what takes place is that no reformist is going to take over the Soviet Union, because it seems to be antithetical to their whole system to have anybody who believes in innovation and reform. So I see this as an advantage for us: we can be virtually assured that the succession in the Soviet Union will maintain in power someone whose sole interest is perpetuation of power and maintenance of the perks for the elite of the Communist Party. This is the essence of what the system has become, with its imperial aggressive nature. It is only geared up to be a military security machine which represses its own people and which perpetuates itself in power. It must have foreign successes in order to justify its existance, so it has to be the coninual aggressor, fostering guerilla movements and support for terrorism in everything else around the world. But I don't see us as having anything to look forward to in some technocrat from a newer generation who is more interested in peace and less interested in war. I think this is all a naive misreading of the Soviet Union and its empire.

PARTISAN: In other words, as the old Confederate soldier was supposed to have said "Trust in God and Davis, but keep your powder dry."

AMBASSADOR: That's right.

PARTISAN: Mr. Ambassador, I want to thank you, but before we close, is there any appeal or injunction you would like to make to our approximately 50,000 readers?

AMBASSADOR: Well, I would like to say that I just became familiar with *The Southern Partisan* one year ago, and I am very much appreciative of what it is doing. In the short time it has been in existence, it has already made a tremendous impact in the South and also in conservative circles, and I would urge the readership to be eternally vigilant terms of writing letters and talking to congressmen about the need for changes in American foreign policy, in Career Foreign Service, and in making sure that people with our points of view have an impact and an influence, and so I guess the most important thing I can say to myself as well as to all of your readers is that we cannot afford to be so discouraged and despondent that we cop out from our own responsibility. To let our viewpoint be heard, to keep the pressure on Washington, to make sure that America's interests are represented first and foremost.

PARTISAN: Thank you very much, Mr. Ambassador.

The interview with Ambassador Funderburk was given to* Southern Partisan *publisher, Charles Scott Hamel, (right) who has traveled in Rumania and to Assistant Editor, Richard Hines, who resides in Washington.

The Restoration Series

Father Ryan: Priest, Poet, Patriot

by William M. Vata

obert E. Lee's office a Washington and Lee Un versity in Lexington is kep actly as it was on the day he died 114 years ago. On the table that served as Lee's desk lied sundry items, including his coin purse. In this purse is a yellowed clipping of a poem, which begins:

"My brow is bent beneath a heavy rod!
My face is wan and wh t with many woes..."

And ends:

"Father, I kneel, 'mid ruin wreck, and grave —
A desert waste, where all was erst so fair —
And for my children and my foes I crave
Pity and pardon. Father hear my prayer!"

Robert E. Lee

Robert E. Lee, the man most revered by Southerners, carried the poet's words with him, drawing from them consolation and hope.

This poem, a favorite of Southerners for generations after the War Between the States, is the "Prayer of the South." Its author: Father Abram Joseph Ryan.

Such was the power of Father Ryan's poetry that the man most revered by Southerners before and since — the "Shepherd of the Lost Cause" — carried the poet's words with him, drawing from them consolation and hope. Ironically, Ryan's poetry, often preoccupied with death and defeat, was a source of inspiration to Lee and to many others of his generation. It is as if these lines were able to focus and capture the crippling anger and frustration that ground the spirit of the Confederacy as surely as did the Carpetbagger's heel. Once captured in verse, these feelings could be transformed, like lead to gold, by Ryan's faith that God (and God alone) could help Southerners endure their sufferings. Indeed, it is a theme common to most of his "patriotic" poems.

But who was this Father Ryan and how did he come to pen such finely classical lines? Unfortunately, biographical details are sketchy and often disputed. We do know, however, that he was born in Hagerstown, Maryland, on February 5, 1838, to Matthew and Mary Coughlin Ryan, who immigrated from Ireland in the 1830's. In 1845, the family moved to Saint Louis, where young Matthew Abram (he later dropped his first name) was educated at the Christian Brothers' School. He later studied theology at Niagara University (Niagara, New York). Then, in 1854, he entered the Vincentian Order of Germantown, Pennsylvania, to study for the Roman Catholic priesthood and was ordained on November 1, 1856. Afterwards, he taught at Niagara University and a Cape Girardeau Seminary in Missouri until the War Between The States erupted. On September 1, 1861, he enlisted in the Confederate army, where he served as a "chaplain-at-large." He may have also served in the Confederate underground up North, but this cannot be verified from published sources.

His wartime service wasn't limited to priestly duties, however. On one occasion, he bravely nursed smallpox victims at Gratiot prison in New Orleans — after the official chaplain there had fled the scene in terror. Apparently, Ryan thought little of himself, and even less of dying. It is said that the only thing he feared was being unable to meet the needs of his fellow men.

One of his patients, a Father Eckles, remembers Ryan as being "a person of commanding presence, dark, with the eagle look of the Indian, his black hair thrown back from a noble brow." Much like another famous poet of Celtic ancestry (Edgar Allan Poe), Ryan possessed a sensitive, melancholy personality often prone to mystical reflection, as his photograph suggests. Though he lived in the midst of tragedy, he never allowed himself to succumb to cynicism or self-pity.

However, one event — the death of his younger brother, David, a Confederate soldier — put his faith to the test. Deeply hurt, he sublimated his grief in a moving poem — "In Memory of My Brother," which is stirring in its frank simplicity:

Young as the youngest who donned the Gray,
True as the truest that wore it,
Brave as the bravest he marched away
(Hot tears on the cheeks of his mother lay),
Triumphant waved her flag one day —
He fell in the front before it.

Following the War, Ryan lived in Beauvoir, Mississippi, for a time and became closely acquainted with Jefferson Davis. Later, he moved to Saint Patrick's Church in Augusta, Georgia, where he edited first the short-lived *Pacificator,* then the Catholic weekly *The Banner of the South,* with an Irish schoolmaster, John Quinn. Unlike many religious newspapers, it had a wide, nonsectarian circulation and became influential throughout the South. However, poor health, plagued Father Ryan most of his life, and caused him to cease this activity after several years.

During these years he continued writing poetry, though he was not a methodical and systematic writer of verse, often jotting lines on books, scraps of paper, or whatever else was handy. A member of the Ward family of Macon, Georgia recalled that Father Ryan often said Mass at their plantation, then stayed to socialize. Periodically, he would "get a pencil and...would give vent to his thoughts and feeling in verse. Many of the poems of the dear priest which have never been published were written on the fly-leaves of books...in our library." Unfortunately, these were destroyed when the Ward home burned some years later.

Still, by virtue of his well-read verse and other writings, his name became a household word during the Reconstruction era. His devotion to the sick during Yellow Fever epidemics and his lecturing to raise money for Confederate widows and orphans enhances his already substantial reputation as a religious leader and humanitarian.

Whether sent by his church or possessed by an unchecked wander lust, he ministered throughout the South, at Biloxi, Nashville, Knoxville, Clarksville (Tennessee), Macon, and New Orleans, where he edited another newspaper, "The Star." His last — and longest — stay was at Saint Mary's Church, in Mobile, beginning in 1870.

However, his declining health forced him to give up active pastoral work in 1883, when he moved to a retreat on the Gulf of Mexico. Here he lived in semi-retirement, spending much of his time writing a life of Christ and delivering an occasional sermon or lecture. But he could not ignore the world's demands. Finally, in 1885, he agreed to begin a lecture tour in the U.S., Canada, and Mexico and never stopped lecturing until he died, at a Louisville Franciscan monastery, on April 22,

His best-loved and most-remembered poems concern the Confederacy, or rather nostalgia for that still-born nation whose birth and death were accompanied by gunfire and the moans of the wounded and dying.

1886. He was buried in Mobile, where a monument to him was erected by contributions from the children of the South, raised through the *Mobile Register*. He never finished his "holy biography," but this is not surprising. For service to his brothers was always more important and more rewarding than worldly accomplishments.

His literary legacy is nonetheless significant. Apart from his editorial work, he published at least two books. The first, *Father Ryan's Poems* (1879), passed through more than two dozen editions and contained not only his patriotic poetry, but many religious and secular poems as well. Several of these were anthologized by Maurice G. Fulton and others and, more recently, selected by Gordon Weaver. An obscure book of devotions, *A Crown for Our Queen,* appeared in 1882. Indeed, Ryan's love for Christ and His Mother was as ardent as his love for the South and her people.

But of course, his best-loved and most-remembered poems concern the Confederacy, or rather a nostalgia for that still-born nation whose birth and death were accompanied by gunfire and the moans of the wounded and dying.

In perhaps his best-known poem, "The Conquered Banner," the effect is even more pronounced:

Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary;
Round its staff, 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it, it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
Furl it, hide it — let it rest!

In these and his other "public" poems, Ryan speaks to his fellow Southerners, to one community at large, never reveling in the personal, always remaining a respectful distance from the reader, so that we rarely get a glimpse of the man wielding the pen. (In this respect he is more neo-classical than romantic.) In "The Poet Priest," however, he drops his guard. This lyric is a baring of the literary soul, in which he admits his inability to deal with the fame and adulation the world has thrust upon him. It is an especially difficult task for a man of God who has eschewed worldly values.

And people say:
'How happy he must be to win and wear
Praise ev'ry day!'
And all the while he stands far out the crowd,
Strangely alone.
It is a Stole he wears? — or mayhap a shroud —
No matter which, his spirit maketh moan; ...
If all the world would kneel down at his feet
And give acclaim—
He fain would say: 'Oh! No! No! No!
Humbly recognizing that God alone would be the recipient of this praise, he continues;
The breath of fame is sweet — but far more sweet
Is the breath of Him who lives within my heart;
God's breath, which e'en, despite of me, will creep
Along the words of merely human art;
Still, he is grateful to those who show appreciation for his work and feels a kinship with them:
Not as of one who ever, ever cares
For earthly praises, not as of such think thou of me,
And in the nights and days — I'll meet with thee
In Prayers — and thou shalt meet with me.

Despite his refusal to accept laurels (let alone rest on them), his fame grew steadily through the late nineteenth century and into the twentieth. To many he was the "Poet Laureate of the Confederacy" whose name became a household word. School (such as Nashville's Father Abram J. Ryan High School) and other buildings were named for him. School children memorized his poems along with (ironically) the Pledge of Allegiance.

And what did the critics have to say? To be sure, a few of his contemporaries ridiculed his poetry as being shallow and excessively emotional. But they were very few. Many agreed with Mrs. Townes Leigh, of the Alabama Daughters of the Confederacy who equated Ryan with Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. "Abram J. Ryan...wrote poems which...stand to Roman Catholicism and devotion to the South as the more sentimental poems of the New England writers do to Puritanism and loyalty to the Union, respectively. They have a swing that catches the popular ear, and they are full of sincere emotion."

Sixteen years later, Howard Meriwether Lovett added this assessment: "In [Ryan's] ... poems may be found tenderness and emotion to touch the heart, and sympathy to bring consolation from a great soul who had sorrowed with humanity and with a divine compassion labored all the days of his life."

But perhaps the highest tribute was paid to him by Tennessean Robert Taylor, who declared that Ryan's "...spirit shall keep watch over the Stars and Bars until the morning of the Resurrection."

In the meantime, a certain General and a certain Priest are undoubtedly enjoying each other's company, despite the former's low-church Episcopalianism.

Mr. Vatavuk is a chemical engineer working with the Environmental Protection Agency in Durham, North Carolina. He is a Southerner by choice rather than nativity.

ESSAYS

Brutally Massacred By Indians

by Robert Drake

"The earliest settlers on this site were brutally massacred by Indians," intoned the young woman who was reeling off her spiel in showing us around one of Virginia's stateliest houses down on the James. And of course my friend and I began to giggle. Part of the laughter, of course, came from the disparity between the guide's matter-of-factness (as though she were reading labels on the pantry shelf) and the horrors she was relating. Part also, of course, came from some apprehension of the house's original glory and subsequent decline, its current prosperity — all seen against the standard rags-to-riches saga so often depicted in American history, whether of people or places or things.

Because this stately house was alive and well and, you might say, thoroughly in business. Post cards were on sale, of course, but so also were dolls dressed as colonists, boxwood seedlings grown right there on the place, even preserves made by colonial "receipts." There was a tea room next door to the shop, both of them carefully created or re-created in the period — the shop remodeled from the original "bachelor's quarters," we were told, and the tea room a "reconstruction" carefully "researched" by specialists at the University. The young woman guides of course were dressed in the period too — chintz skirts, mob caps, the whole lot.

And they had all done their home work: this was no mere souped-up spectacle of cash-and-carry history. There was a film about the house's beginnings, its building early days, shown down in the cellar, as the first part of the tour; then guides took the various tour groups, in small numbers, up into the house itself. Everybody knew — or was supposed to know — what he was looking at.

The house's owners were old friends of mine; but it had been some time — several years, in fact — since I had last seen either them or the house. I knew that they were getting along in years; I had even heard that they both had been unwell, with the usual debilitating ailments that come to most of us if we live long enough — failing vision, unsteady legs, and all the rest. Indeed, I well remembered the first time I had been out to see them, the first time I had ever seen either them or the house; and the husband of the couple had pointed out to me the gazebo which had just been built on the front lawn, overlooking the James of course — the house's entrance when everything arrived and departed by the river. The summer house was a charming reconstruction — eighteenth-century chinoiserie, I assumed. But unlike many such reconstructions, this one came equipped with screens and an extension telephone, which my host explained as preparation for a future when he might be too old to go in after his own ice: he could then just give the kitchen a ring, and out

The old house, long unlived in, had more or less been thrown in with the deal. But it took Duncan's fancy from the start: indeed he even began camping out in it, refusing to live in the bachelor's quarters, when he began acting as his father's overseer.

would come reinforcements from the house.

I thought right then that he was a man to be reckoned with. And indeed, I had inferred as much from the common friends in Richmond who had introduced us. It was he, they told me, who had first gone up and down the James, telling his neighbors in the other stately homes that they were all sitting on top of a gold mine and didn't know it! I suspect that, at first, they wrote him off as nothing more than the Yankee he was; and of course Colonial Williamsburg hadn't gotten good and started then. But times were hard: the Depression was still abroad in the land. And before long not only he but his neighbors were opening their houses to the public.

His name was Duncan McMath, and he had come down to Virginia as a young man, to help his father with the old broken-down estate he had bought, mostly for its timber. The old house, long unlived in, had more or less been thrown in with the deal. But it took Duncan's fancy from the start: indeed, he even began camping out in it, refusing to live in the bachelor's quarters, when he began acting as his father's overseer. When I got to know him, he even told me he had cooked over the open fire in one of the upstairs bedrooms, living in that one room with nothing much more in the way of furniture than a cot and a rocking chair and, of course, only a lamp for light. There was none of the original furniture left, of course; and the principal rooms downstairs were more or less a shambles, the result of years of neglect and even downright abuse by successive farm tenants. Because that was what its former glory had sunk to — an old house that just went along with the place, no notice taken of its historic past or even its structural beauty. The Georgian outlines had even been defaced with Victorian porches, themselves now in disrepair.

But even then that house was becoming the great passion in his life. Did he, like so many "outsiders," fall a prey to the genius of the place, all the history that, you might say, was right there lying around loose? Surely, it was more than just the house's recollected beauty that began to obsess him. Did it take on symbolic meaning for him, something he wanted to restore and recover for his own life — someone who had probably up until then though history was something that should be left safely to professionals if not altogether ignored? Whatever the case, he had always been more enthusiastic about it all, I was given to understand, than his wife, who had been a local girl, Anne Harrison from Williamsburg. For her, I think, history was just something you *had*: there was no need to make a production out of it. And I gather there were times when she thought that was just the trouble with that part of the world, and especially the part of it bounded by the James River: there was more history on hand than could safely be consumed on the premises. And she could take it or leave it. (But she had her history too — a descendant of the Balls.) In some ways, that big house was something she'd been trying to get away from all her life. She could go along with it, yes; she wouldn't make trouble. But she didn't particularly relish the life she lived on the house's second floor (the first was where the tourists passed through), never knowing when some of the paying customers might erupt upstairs, just to be sure they got their money's worth, even though there were a couple of signs warning them that it was off-limits.

Some of all this I gleaned from the friends who had originally introduced us; the rest they told me themselves, more or less. They told me also — but Duncan mainly — how carefully they had worked to restore the house to its former glory, doing a little this year, perhaps more the next as the gate receipts allowed them to. There was none of the original furniture left of course, but they had hunted compatible pieces all over the country and once Duncan had even gone to England in search of more. Their portraits in oils hung in the dining room too, painted years ago when they were first married; but already they looked distinguished and worthy of their surroundings — not just because of their elegant attire either. It was as though both of them looked out at you, coolly and serenely, to assure you that they knew where they were and what they were doing and weren't presuming on anything, really. And in time they and the house would be worthy of one another; in time they and the house would be one.

And I found them a charming couple, whom I enjoyed knowing more and more as the years went along. Anne was an amusing talker, and there was little that went on up and down the river that she couldn't tell you about. Duncan's interests were more restricted, mainly concentrated on the house. And he made no bones about his feeling for it, even his determination to make it pay for itself. ("When the Duke of Bedford — you know, the one who owns Woburn Abbey — was visiting down at Williamsburg last year, they brought him out to see us and of course the house: they all said it would be Greek meeting Greek! And it was too!") And then again: "I've got over six hundred acres here, with some cattle and corn and some pasture, but my best crop of course is the tourists!" And Anne would say, the Lord knew that was so and she might as well be married to a lawn-mower, Duncan got up so early to get going in the summer. The house was open every day in the year but Christmas Day, too.

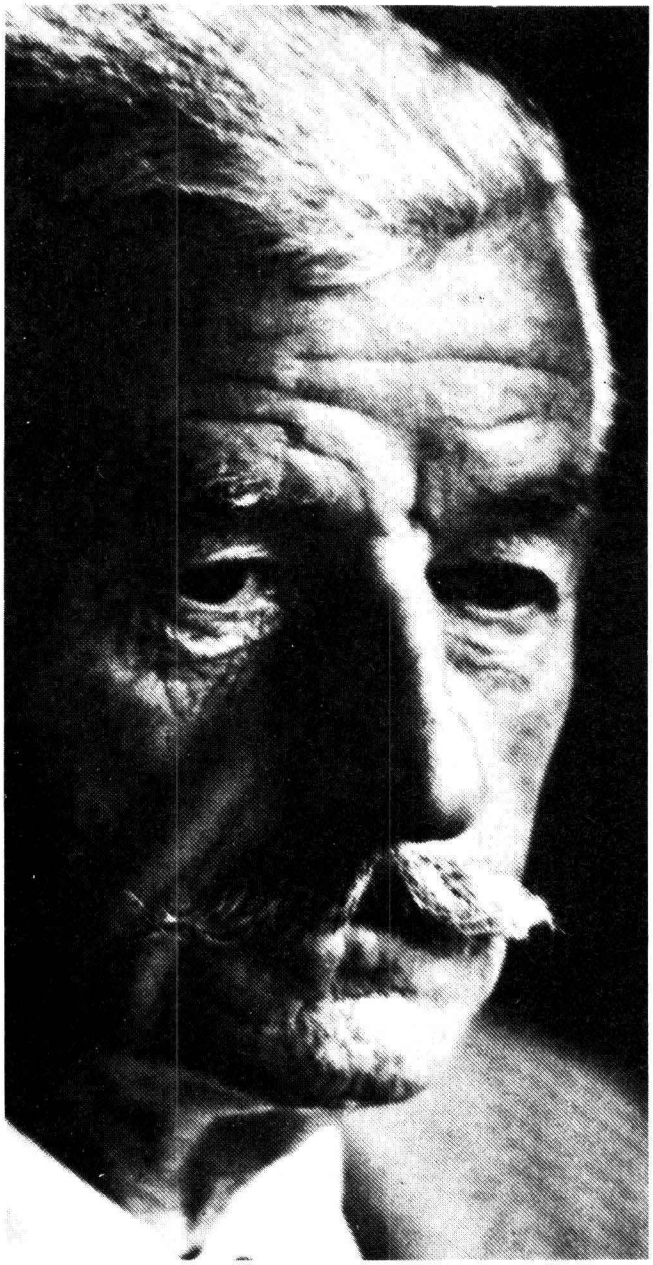
The McMaths had a son and a daughter, but they lived in Richmond — not very much interested in the house, I gathered. (Had they had too much history from kindergarten on up?) And I sometimes idly wondered what they would do with the house when they entered into possession. I was sure Duncan would want them to carry right on when he was gone, but of course they might have other ideas, even if it was all a money-making proposition. It wasn't everybody in

the world who would want to build his life around a house; and I thought of Thoreau, who was flooded with relief when the man who had made a trade with him to sell his his farm backed out because his wife changed her mind.

That house had held Duncan down nearly all his life, but then perhaps he didn't want to go anywhere either. In any case, it was his life and his passion. What did it prove? I wasn't sure. But I could tell that it was living history to him, not just the museum kind. ("Look, we're living right here where all those old folks lived, and the house is a working house and the farm is a working farm. It's not just a sideshow. And that's the way it's going to stay. Maybe it's like they say and we're *conserving* it, not just *preserving* it. But the main thing is that it keeps on going. It's life, not just a game we're playing.") What was it for Anne? Something of a prison, at best a dear enemy? No matter, I thought. The house was Duncan's pride and joy, and she was Duncan's wife. Whatever the case, I thought, Duncan and Anne were a remarkable couple, living in an extraordinary house.

And as time passed and I got to know the McMaths better, saw them pretty well handling whatever life sent them with no complaints, I kept going back in my mind to that earlier time I had been to see them, when the guide had said the earliest settlers on the place had been brutally massacred by Indians. That sounded fine in the history books, though I always wondered just how else you could carry out a massacre if not *brutally*; and it sounded even better in a travelogue if you kept it all low-keyed. But then so what else was new? The Indians were gone; but the busloads of tourists had arrived, even parties coming downriver from Richmond by excursion steamer, and on one occasion the Governor himself arriving for some function by helicopter on the front lawn. And you had to watch every last one of them too, to make sure they didn't steal anything or what they didn't steal, deface. Duncan and Anne had told me often enough that they could write a book about it all. But you had to learn not to let it get you down. History was full of such things — massacres, ambushes, lynchings, you name it — a rotten business. And it was problematic what you ever learned from any of it — maybe just that nobody ever learned anything much but went right on fighting and killing and lying and stealing and all the rest.

And yet there was another side too. In some ways, you might survive a massacre if you knew what it was all about, understood what was involved in the business: the violence wasn't altogether random, and the bullets didn't just come ticketed "To whom it may concern." There *was* some sort of rhyme and reason to it. Had Duncan learned any of that? Surely, he wasn't just playing with history, playing at history, as I suspected they always were in Williamsburg. O, yes, he was turning a pretty penny out of the house; but I think he loved it too, the facts he kept digging up about it (the first place this had happened, the first place that was done, in the colonies and later under the new republic), all the restorations he continued to make. He was enormously proud of it all, what it was, what it proved. And I think in a way Anne was too. That was the way I felt more than ever, during my most recent visit there, just last week — finding them both somewhat the worse for age and wear and yet giving no sign of surrender. It was just like old times, too, with the talk as good as any I had ever heard there — and this despite the heat of the long summer twilight. The gazebo with its extension telephone was still right there on the front lawn overlooking the James, and that was where we sat and had our drinks.



William Faulkner, Malcolm Cowley & Me

Author, Critic and Reader

by Thomas Daniel Young

In the spring of 1945, like several million other Americans I was in England, and the reason for my being there had suddenly evaporated (VE day had become an actuality), and for the first time I found myself trying very hard to find some constructive way to spend my days and nights. Then, displaying a wisdom seldom shown by that organization, the military began to devise activities to occupy the idle time of those of us who saw no reason why we should remain in Europe now that the mission we had been sent to accomplish had been completed. One of these activities was allowing some of us to attend European universities; so several friends and I enrolled in the Sorbonne for a six-month course in French language and culture.

One of my first discoveries was that the French language I had learned to read and speak had not made it's way to Paris. Indeed I would have been intellectually isolated had the Frech lectures not been available in printed form before they were given and had not my French friends spoken perfect Oxfordian English. My most humiliating experience, however, concerned a fellow Mississippian, William Faulkner.

As Jean-Paul Sarte was to tell Malcolm Cowley several years later, "After the war Faulkner was regarded as god by the French youth." Since I was both an American and a Mississippian, I was naturally regarded by all my French acquaintances as an authority on Faulkner. But alas, I had read only one Faulkner story, "Barn Burning." I had heard of the infamous Sanctuary and was appalled one night to hear a young French girl summarize the plot of "A Rose for Emily." I hastened to inform her that Faulkner's story was not an accurate portrayal of the way the good people of Mississippi lived and acted. I was deeply troubled and confused by their discussion of a Snopse-Sartoris controversy because in the only story I had read the principal character was named Colonel Sartoris Snopes. Why, I wondered, did one name a son for a mortal enemy? (Later I learned that there were many grades of morality among the Snopeses, and that Sarty was the best of the lot.)

After my term at the Sorbonne and I was able to get passage back to America, I allowed myself a few days in New York so that I could collect some of the books of the man whom the French were claiming as equal to or better than Hawthorne, Melville and Henry James. In New York I went into a bookstore and learned that the only Faulkner book in print was *Sanctuary,* and that it was not available at any of the six or eight bookstores at which I inquired. (By this time Faulkner had written seventeen books, including all of those on which his reputation is now based.) The card catalogue of the New York Public Library, which I visited on my second day in the city, carried the titles of only two of Faulkner's works: *A Green Bough* and *The Hamlet.* One of the assistants in the library directed me to the second-hand bookstores on Fourth Avenue. There I secured first editions of *Go Down Moses* and *Mosquitoes* for fifty cents each and a second-hand copy of the Modern Library edition of *Sanctuary* for twenty-five cents. I had to be content with these discoveries because absolutely nothing else was available. Soon after I arrived in Mississippi, an inquiry to Seven Bookhunters brought

an offer of a first edition of *Pylon* for the then-exhorbitant price of $5.00. I added this title to what might have been the best collection of Faulkner in Mississippi, outside of Oxford, where Faulkner's sister-in-law was research librarian at the University.

Gradually I began to perceive—though still indistinctly because I had yet to read more than a half dozen of the novels and these were selected upon the basis of availability — something of the reason why Faulkner was causing all the excitement in France. "There in Oxford," as Cowley points out in the most influential introduction to the work of a literary figure that has appeared in the twentieth century, "Faulkner performed a labor of imagination that has not been equalled in our time, and a double labor: first to invent a Mississippi County that was like a mythical kingdom..., second to make his story of Yoknapatawpha County stand as a parable or legend of all the Deep South."

Cowley describes this mythical kingdom and what it symbolizes in some detail.

I read Cowley's introduction with great care and was able to see for the first time a unifying design in the novels and stories, a continuing thematic concern clearly demonstrated in the 725 pages of selections Cowley included in his book. The reaction to *The Port-Faulkner* was beyond its publisher's most optimistic prognois.

And with the publication of Cowley's book and important critical essays by Robert Penn Warren and a few other's Faulkner's literary reputation improved enormously and quickly. Close on the heels of Cowley's publication came the Modern Library Edition of *The Sound and the Fury* and *As I Lay Dying* in one volume; and this book was quickly added to the reading list of almost every modern American novel course in the country.

By this time I had completed my master's degree and was an instructor in the English department. I found that every short story anthology sent him as a prospective text had at least one story by Faulkner. Faulkner was finally persuaded to come to the university to speak to some of the classes, one of which was mine; and I heard him give for the first time his now famous list of the five most important modern American novelists in which he included Wolfe first, himself second and Hemingway last. (Faulkner gave this list many times later and often changed some of the names and the order, but he always included Wolfe, Faulkner and Hemingway.) Although Joseph Blotner has assured us that the Nobel Prize committee had Faulkner's name under consideration before Cowley's book appeared, I felt then, as now, that the wave of recognition and compliments Faulkner received after the publication of *The Portable Faulkner* might have influenced some members of that committee to pay especial attention to Faulkner's work. The Nobel Prize was followed by other literary prizes, and these awards and the motion picture, *Intruder in the Dust,* made Faulkner's name familiar to people who had never read his books. At the same time the availability of his books, as well as the attention given to his stories and novels in the schools and colleges, vastly increased his reading audience.

As a consequence, for the first time in his life, Faulkner could earn a living writing; there was no necessity for extended stays in Hollywood. But as any student of Faulkner's work knows — and as I learned in the course of my doctoral studies — the great writer's best work had already been done. Not until *The Reivers* (1962) would he again write with the genius he displayed between 1929 and 1942: *The Sound and the Fury, As I Lay Dying, Light in August, Absolam, Absolam! The Hamlet, Go Down Moses.* Many critics offered explanations for this decline in Faulkner's creative powers. Some suggested that he was no longer hungry enough, that there was too much income from book sales, movies and television rights and other sources. Others argued, Donald Davidson among them, that Faulkner began to take too seriously his public image. He became a cultural ambassador to South America and japan. He spoke at the Delta Council, to Jill's graduating classes at the University High School and the Pine Manor Junior College, to the Southern Historical Association, to the U.S. National Commission for UNESCO.He wrote essays for Holiday, Sports *Illustrated, Harper's* and *Life.*

In 1950 *A Fable* appeared — a novel which Faulkner had worked on for many years and one he often suggested might be his *magnum opus*; in 1957 *The Town* and 1959 *The Mansion,* which he called in a brief preface, "the final chapter of and the summation of a work conceived of in 1925." (Cowley had pointed out that the Snopes story was unfinished and called on Faulkner to finish it.)

I read these books as they appeared as I had read *Intruder in the Dust,* and, except for the Mink Snopses section of *The Mansion,* I could not share the enthusiasm with which they were received. I could detect in some reviews obvious uneasiness. What was wrong? These were good books but they seemed to lack the imaginative daring that had made some of the earlier novels great and placed their author in the front rank of American writers. As I re-read and thought about *The Fable,* its basic weakness seemed to me glaringly apparent. It was not, as I had first thought, that Faulkner had moved outside his little "postage stamp of earth" and was less familiar with the characters and the situations he was presenting. Instead Faulkner was restricting too much the range and the freedom of his creative imagination. The novel converts the archetypical Christian myth upon which it is based into a rigid allegory, and the author's attitude toward his material is more like that of the rhetorician than that of the artist.

Trying to determine the artistic imperfections of *The Town* and *The Mansion,* however, was infinitely more difficult, and I felt unable to articulate clearly my reaction to those novels until after I had read Cleanth Brooks' authoritative study *William Faulkner: The Yoknapatawpha Country* (1963). In *The Halmet,* Brooks points out, Flem and Eula are creatures that cannot be measured by the ordinary standards of this world:

> *Eula is a woman of fabulous beauty and seductive power, though unselfconscious and almost unaware of that power. She becomes the archetypical female — at least in the eyes of the young fanatic Labove, and in a sense she becomes such for the whole community. And Flem, in his sheer concern for money and the power it brings, becomes something fabulous to...[T]he impotent Flem, who is pure single-minded*

acquisitiveness, and Eula, who is the unself-conscious and almost mindless personification of the fecundity of nature, are almost like goddess and ogre, a positive an negative powers, and the yoking of them together takes on the quality of an allegorical event. What keeps the story from becoming transparent allegory, and thus a too bald commentary on the modern scene, is the richness of detail and the sheer power of fact which locate these two creatures in a community that is still close enough to nature to have nymphs and trolls walk within it and not so self-conscious as to have to rationalize them out of existence.

What Faulkner is able to do in this book, then, is to create archetypical characters that represent group tradition and universal situations; but by presenting them through the concrete particularities of a specific individualized setting he is able to delineate reality, which is the end of all great art, and not to make some comment about the state of the modern world, as he does in *Intruder.* Such commentary is the function of rhetoric or propaganda.

As a sequel to *The Hamlet,* however, *The Town* is a very disappointing novel. It is not as bad as *Main Street* because Faulkner could not write as ineptly as Sinclair Lewis if he tried, but the intent of both books is the same: they make a comment about modern society, a world that's lost its sense of mission, one that is obssessed with money, power, and respectability. Both are persuasive documents of social protest, but they are not great art.

The Mansion does not sink to the level of *The Town* because in it, at least a part of it, Faulker recaptures some of the spirit and atmosphere of *The Hamlet.* However, the creation of one excellent character in Mink Snopes does not completely offset the effect of Faulkner's didactic talk about the state of American society and that of the world in general. It does, however, make *The Mansion* a better book than *The Town.* More importantly, it suggests that Faulkner has not completely lost his creative powers, and it made me wait most impatiently for Faulkner's next book, *The Reviers* (1962).

I had to wait seven long years, but the book, Faulkner's last, was well worth it. Again concerned with a universal, archetypical action — a youth's initiation into manhood — the book is filled with highly individualized characters, specific, concrete settings, and serious situations made tolerable and memorable by infectious humor, and it re-emphasizes a conviction that I have come to hold after twenty-five years of studying American literature. No one can name the five most important writers of American fiction without including William Faulkner somewhere near the head of the list. This last novel reminds the reader of some of Faulkner's basic thematic concerns: a deep respect for man's power of endurance, his capacity for goodness and evil.

What Cowley did for Faulkner need not be rehearsed in detail here. He rescued him from oblivion and made the serious student of American literature read his great novels. Today there are more theses, dissertations, essays, and books written about Faulkner's literary career than about that of any other American writer. It is a critical commonplace to hear now what I have been saying to my classes for a good many years. The argument goes something like this: Hawthorne, Melville and Twain wrote one book as good as Faulkner's best, but Faulkner wrote six or seven other novels almost as good as his best and far better than the second best of any other American writer. One of the best craftsmen American fiction has ever produced is Henry James, but Faulkner's experiments in how a novel should be written—no two of his novels are cast in the same form — have been just as influential on the development of the technique of the modern novel as those of Henry James. That these facts are accepted almost universally today is a logical consequence of the serious reading of Faulkner's fiction given its intitial impetus by *The Portable Faulkner.*

But over the years, as I read Faulkner and worried about the apparently-ironic coincidence of the decline of his fellow Mississippian's impressive creativity occurring, as it did, immediately following the appearance of the essay that made American readers and critics aware of that creative talent, I decided these two occurrences might not be the result of coincidence alone. The appearance of Cowley's essay might suggest a reason for the decline of the creative powers.

As Cowley himself wrote fifteen years after the publication of *The Portable Faulkner,* Faulkner's letters to him at the time he was preparing the volume for publication convinced him that in creating his characters Faulkner "thought back to archetypes" and that he "tried to present" characters rather than ideas." In the introduction to *The Portable Faulkner,* however, Cowley wrote that Faulkner had created the history of a mythical county from the late 18th to the mid-20th century. The part of the history that is missing, Cowley wrote, is that of the third and fourth decades of the twentieth century, a climatic portion of the saga because it covers the period in which the Snopeses finally wrest control of Yoknopatawpha from the Sartorises. Cowley urged Faulkner to complete "the still unfinished Snopes saga."

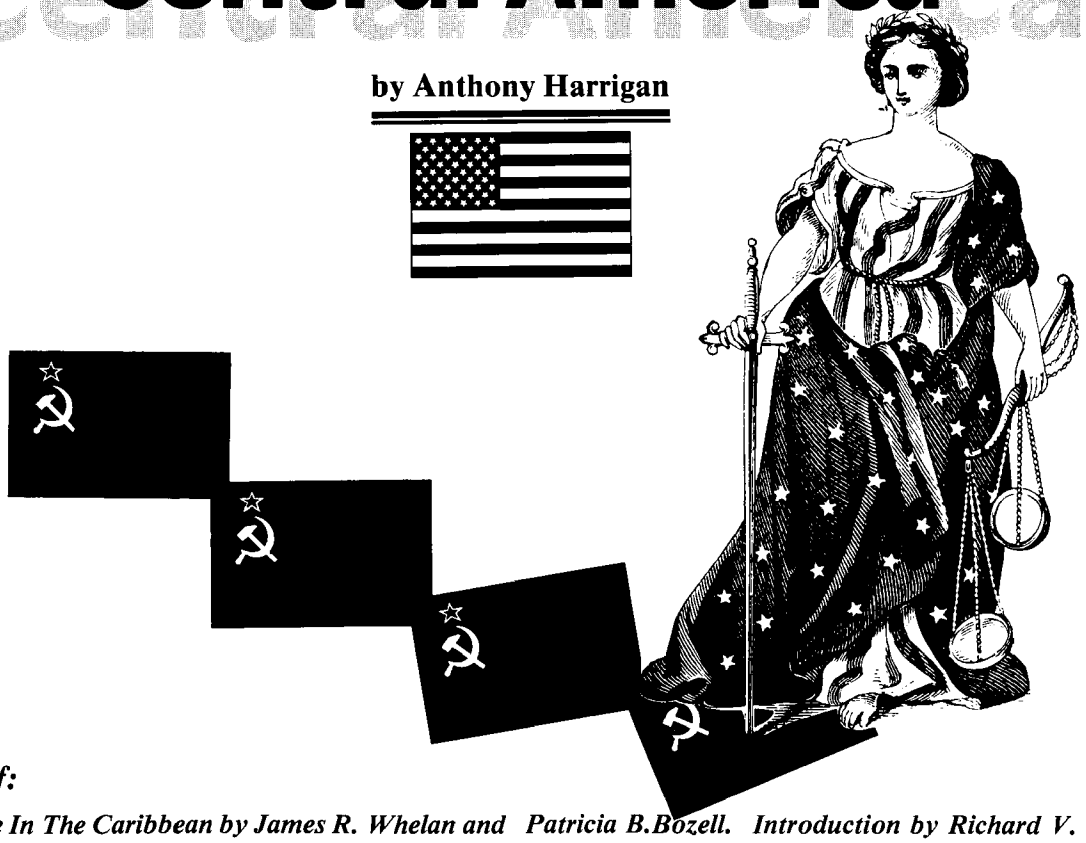
Cowley's comments here might be interpreted as suggesting that Faulkner's novels do create a more-or-less consistent and chronological development of a mythical county that stands as a legend of the deep South. Faulkner could have been moved, therefore, to attempt to supply the missing link. Thus he set about writing *The Town* and *The Mansion* to explain how Snopesism became the dominant force in Jefferson and Yoknapatawpha County. As he described the victory of material acquisitiveness in his mythical kingdom, he made some perceptive and deeply-troubling comments on the plight of the modern world; but for the moment he forgot his own credo: that the only subject worth writing about is the "human heart in conflict with itself."

Whatever the reasons for his devoting the forties and fifties to the kind of activities he did, however, we can forgive him for we understand human fraility. After all no one can take from us *The Sound and the Fury, Absolam, Absolam!, As I Lay Dying, Light in August, The Hamlet* and *Go Down Moses.* Furthermore, using the careers of our other great writers as a basis for judgment that's enough for six lifetimes and nothing except the legendary cat has more.

Thomas Daniel Young Vanderbilt University

The Subversion Of Central America

by Anthony Harrigan



A Review of:

Catastrophe In The Caribbean by James R. Whelan and Patricia B.Bozell. Introduction by Richard V. Allen. Jameson Books, 1984. 134 pp. $13.95.

A quarter century ago, I traveled by jeep into the mountains of Costa Rica to visit Jose Figueres, the charismatic former president of the little Central American country. It was a memorable day — an opportunity for a long talk with the best-known political figure in the region and a chance to meet a curious collection of leftists from Guiana to Mexico who were my fellow guests at lunch that day at the coffee plantation in the clouds. I had arrived in Central America after a trip to Cuba, where Fidel Castro had just seized power and was busy putting his foes up against the wall in the old Havana fortress. The Caribbean was jittery, but Figueres' leftist guests were ecstatic. As I drove to the capital through the mists, I realized that cadres for protracted subversive warfare in Central America were in place. Fidel's ideological comrades were planning to carry his revolution into the five countries of Central America.

In 1959, however, the United States was resolute in opposition to any extension of Castroism to the countries north of the strategic Panama Canal. U.S. officials were concerned with protecting American interests in Central America. Earlier in the decade, the United States had squelched a Soviet attempt to turn Guatemala into a satellite. It wasn't conceivable in those days that a future American administration would — in Central America — "choose as our friends men and ideas of the Left." Those are the accurate words of James R. Whelan and Patricia B.Bozell in their immensely revealing book *Catastrophe In The Caribbean.* This book provides essential background to understanding the turmoil in El Salvador and the menace in Nicaragua. It's an antidote to the poisonous disinformation on Central America which one finds in journals ranging from *The Village Voice* to *The New York Times.* The U.S. public is exposed to a vast volume of disinformation on Central America.

The taxpayer-funded National Public Radio, for example, is a conduit for Nicaraguan propaganda and engages in pre-emptive censorship of Central American realities.

The central thesis of *Catastrophe In The Caribbean* is that until the Carter administration came along the Central American countries "made faster progress in solving their economic problems than all but a few other Latin American countries." The Carter Administration came to power in 1977 with the conviction that revolution was inevitable in Central America. Its ideological preferences, as Richard Allen says in his introductions, were "skewed to the liberal and leftist side." Jimmy Carter, the Southern populist, placed leftists in key foreign policy positions. Mr. Whelan and Mrs. Bozell cite the case of Robert Pastor, the Latin American specialist on Carter's National Security Council staff, pointing out that "Pastor had close ties to the far-left Transnational Institute of the Institute For Policy Studies (IPS), and was one of seven Latin specialists who authored in 1976 an IPS study that contained the main outlines of what later would become the Carter Administration's foreign policy in Latin America." At the U.S. Mission to the United Nations, the authors report, was Brady Tyson, a founding member of the North American Congress on Latin America, "whose basic ideological statement asked support from those 'who not only favor revolutionary change in Latin America but also take a revolutionary position toward their own society'." In connection with these key Carter personnal placements, the authors recall Henry Kissinger's statement that "we have been creating our own anti-American revolutions in Central America."

Other factors were involved in the startup of the revolutionary turmoil in Central America. One of the key factors was the involvement of the Catholic Church in Latin America with liberation theology and its revolutionary political goals. Mr. Whelan and Mrs. Bozell cite the development of a revolutionary church deeply involved with Marxism, a truly subversive church. They state that "Perhaps nowhere in Latin America, or the world, have Catholic clergymen emerged so clearly from the ideological shadows and taken positions of visible leadership in a Marxist regime as in the Nicaragua of the Sandinistas." Other denominations in the United States have followed or paralleled the Catholic political engagement and lent support to the Marxist revolutionary cause in Central America. The left-oriented international church bureaucracies are fiercely hostile to the United States and the capitalist world in general. Ironically, only capitalism affords the poor people of Central America an opportunity to improve their lot. Communist "land reform" in Cuba has only made Cuba more dependent on the Soviet Union.

The major media in the United States also bear a heavy responsibility for the revolutionary terror taking place in Central America. The media sought to present the mildly authoritarian Somoza government in Nicaragua as a moral monster and hailed the communist regime's "reforms," while it played down the role of the Cubans and Soviets. This is the classic western media response to a revolutionary struggle. So-called progressive forces — communist, that is — are presented as cool and enlightened. Reactionary forces — Western or capitalist forces — invariably are characterized as bloodthirsty. The major media find it hard or impossible to focus on Cuba's prison island, the Isle of Pines; the USSR's Gulag Archipelago, or the bloody deeds ordered by Zimbabwe's Politburo.

The authors of this fact-filled little volume have written a handbook for dealing with Central American issues that will arise in the year ahead. It should dispel many liberal-left myths about Central America. But what of the future? The book is weaker here, as is U.S. policy. The authors say Americans should "understand the character of Central America," but that's not enough. The American people and their government prefer to avoid long-range views and the hard choices that result from such views. Americans ought to realize that the strife in El Salvador and the communist military buildup in Nicaragua could happen elsewhere in Central America and in very short order. If Americans truly believe — and they have every reason to believe — that the United States can't live with new Cubas in Central America, then it must adopt a long-range, albeit costly, policy for keeping Central America free of communist regimes. One can be sure that economic aid and political advice won't be enough to counter revolutionary forces that believe that power comes out of the barrel of a gun. The U.S. public may not want to consider the idea, but an imperative need exists for a formal U.S. protectorate system for the countries of Central America. No matter what happens in the region this year, it will remain a zone full of danger for the United States. New revolutionary bases may be established in countries that now are on our side. Marxist insurgencies may occur over many decades. Cuban and Soviet penetration of the region will be prevented only by a permanent military commitment on the part of the United States — a commitment to enforce the Monroe Doctrine that the Carter Administration abandoned.

A Collector's Poem

"Salutatory to the South"

By Louise Nettles

I was born on April 12, 1861, in the harbor of Charleston, South Carolina, and the Constitution of the Confederate States is my birth certificate. The blood lines of the South run through my veins, for I offer freedom that each state should regulate her own affairs, according to its best interest. I am many things and many people. I AM THE SOUTH. I am millions of living souls, and ghosts of thousands who died for me. I am Robert E. Lee, and Stonewall Jackson. I stood at Fort Sumter and fired "the shot heard thru the young nation." I am Longstreet, Hood and Patrick R. Cleburne. I am Generals, Johnston and Beauregard: And JEFFERSON DAVIS. I remember Gettysburg, Cold Harbor, Vicksburg and Atlanta. When Duty called, I answered, and stayed until it was over, I left my heroic dead in Chickamauga, in the fields of Shiloh, on the bloody hills of Manassas, and the mountains of Kennesaw.

I am the Mississippi River, the cotton fields of Alabama, and the piney woods of the Carolina's. I am the coal fields of Virginia and Kentucky, the Florida Coast, and Louisiana Bayou. I am Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy. I am forest, field, mountain, and rivers. I am the quiet villages and the cities that never sleep. I am the heritage that's being forgotten, the dying memory, of a way of life that is being still. You see me in the twilight and hear of me in Dixie, as the past continues to fade each year. Yes, I AM THE SOUTH. And these are the things that I represent.

I was conceived by force, and God willing, I'll spend the rest of my days remembering my birth. May I possess always the integrity, the courage, and the strength to keep my heritage alive, to remain a loyal southerner, and stand tall and proud to the rest of the world. This is my goal, my hope, my prayer.

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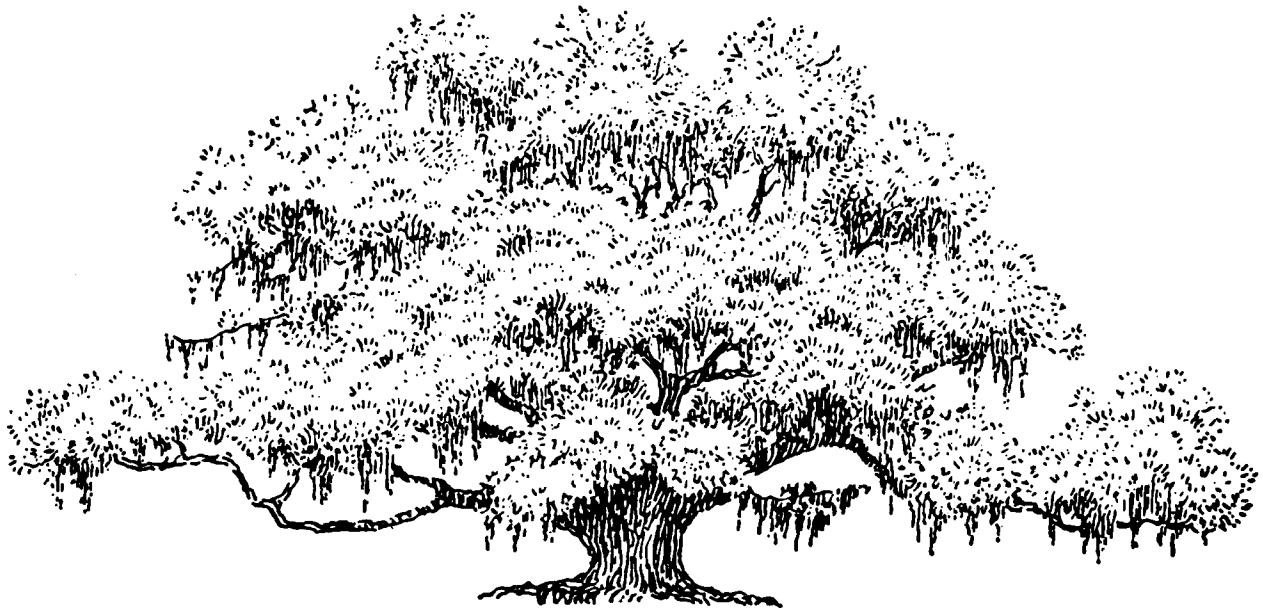
Rome Hanks Returns

by J.O. Tate



A Review of:

The History of Rome Hanks and Kindred Matters by Joseph Stanley Pennell, Second Chance Press, RD2, Noyac Road, Sag Harbor, N.Y. 11963; $10.95.

The book known as *Rome Hanks* has been given a third chance by Second Chance Press, and a good thing, too. Edited by Maxwell Perkins himself and published by Charles Scribners in 1944 (at $2.75 a hardbound copy), *Rome Hanks* was once a best-seller that has since been very nearly forgotten. A cheap paperback reprint in 1965 didn't attract much notice. But newly available in trade paperback since 1982, *Rome Hanks* has been selected by an historical book club and required in an American Civilization sequence at Harvard.

Why the fuss? The answer is in the reading. The book named after the fictional Romulus Lycurgus *Hanks* is more about Kindred Matters than it is about that veteran of the Mexican War, Indian fighter, Union officer, judge, and patriarch. For Rome Hanks was a great-grandfather of the novel's center of consciousness, Robert Lee Harrington, whose memories are an exploration of his past — his genealogy, inheritance, and genetic endowment — that seems to expand to include enough history to qualify the record of his awareness (*Rome Hanks* itself, that is) as an American epic. There's more poetry in Pennell's prose than there is in Stephen Vincent Benet's *John Brown's Body,* and more history, in the form of apprehended experience, than there is in a library stack of potted chronicles.

Lee Harrington, who has more in common with his creator than is comfortable either for that creator or for the reader, also reveals another line of descent. He is clearly kin to other modern protagonists like Stephen Dedalus and Quentin Compson and Eugene Gant — and it may very well be that Ross Lockridge Jr.'s *Raintree County* (1948) owes much to Pennell's *Rome Hanks.* But the frustrated emotional discharges of Lee Harrington, especially when they take the form of embedded narratives with authoritative tale-telling voices, lend this text such distinction and force that it has been acclaimed as one of the very best "Civil War novels." The war dominates among various objects of memory, and certain set-pieces should be remembered as among the most brilliant — and macabre — passages ever penned about the War, making *Rome Hanks,* while not a "Southern novel," of considerable interest to anyone who shares the Southern mind-set that often makes a sacrament of memory and of belated mental re-enactment.

Born in Junction City, Kansas, Harrington's creator and alter ego Joseph Stanley Pennell was, like many Americans, descended from both Federal and Confederate soldiers. "I am both a Rebel and a Damyankee...And Grandfather Stanley and Grandfather Pennell called each other 'Mr. Stanley' and 'Mr. Pennell' whenever they met." The reader of *Rome Hanks* will find these forebears easy to recognize, as is the trade of the narrator's father, his attendance at certain schools, and so on. But from this autobiographical base emerge bold patterns of language: idiomatic country talk, high-falutin' literary paraphrasing, and ironic modernist juxtapositions. The tension created by these opposing tonalities is what gives *Rome Hanks* its undeniable power.

Uncle Pinckney Harrington's recital of his experience of Pickett's Charge is but one idiosyncratic episode, an unsurpassed *tour de force.* His highly individual view and expression show us, for instance, the friendly meeting of the unassuming upcountry boy with an unhorsed but flamboyant cavalryman, two very different Southern types:

> ...He had outa Reese how he had been on the ride around McClelland and how he saw the women buryin' Captain Latane — and how the women in Richmond took on oveh Gen'l Stuart. Why Reese even told him how he and Major von Borcke used to go out and shoot squirrel. Majah von Borcke suah likes his likah, too, Reese said. An' you oughta see the swohd he totes — for foot long! He suttinly *hannels* it too. Ah saw him git in among some Yankees — an', be Gahddamned if he didn't cut two of theah heads off. No! Jud said. Ah sweah to Gahd! Reese said. Those Prussians suah ah wile men!

Uncle Pink's memory of an odd sight on July third, 1863, summons and sums up a host of associations with military glory, personal honor, waste of life, national tragedy, and the heroic and romantic overtones of the long ago and the far away:

> ...Look theah, Reese hollered. By Gahd! theah's an officah wearin' an *ovehcoat!* A Yankee ovehcoat at that! I saw him, Uncle Pink said, but I couldn't think at the time what Reese was laughin' at. Fur as I was concerned a whole battalion of overcoats in July wouldn't have surprised me then.
>
> It was General Dick Garnett. He was just out of an ambulance and still sick, but he rode in with the men in his old Union army overcoat. I don't think I had eveh seen him before and I never saw him after. He was killed that day. I waited until Eighteen eighty-seven to find that out in a piece in the *Century Magazine.* The man was sick, buttoned up in a blue Yankee overcoat, on July third — a hot July third — riding into what *he* knew was almost certain death. My Gahd! Uncle Pink said. Who remembers Gen'l Dick Garnett now? Who remembers anybody but Lee and Jackson and Grant and Sherman?

Historians and buffs remember Dick Garnett, but has he ever been evoked so immediately and pathetically?

Another voice, that of the garrulous, florid, and half-drunken Dr. Wagnal, who tells us of Shiloh and other battles, essays a poetry of more range, if not greater impact. His impossible provenance (he studied anatomy at Edinburgh while Burke and Hare, the original body-snatchers, were operating; he also married a completely unreal Southern belle and lived until well into the 20th century) doesn't prevent him, with his poetic asides from Webster and Browne and Johnson, from dominating the rich stew he lives in. Wagnal's personal experience, world-weary cynicism, and alcoholic rhetoric combine with his spooky gallow's humor to give *Rome Hanks* a highly distinctive quality:

> ...Is it not strange that all over Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia are buried pieces of men that I hacked away from them — arms, legs, fingers and toes — even a nose and two left ears. Some I shouldn't have cut off. God, there are men even now living in Des Moines or Keokuk or Salina who wake up at night and think: Jesus Christ it's funny: part of me was buried down on the banks of the Tennessee river in the Spring of 1862. Part of me is already door-nail dead, mackeral dead, beef dead, stone dead — bled like a stuck pig. Maybe, by God, the bones are still down there under the dirt, clean and white. *My* armbones and my hand bones. *My* meatless hand and arm that used to have such good hard muscles — that I was so proud and vain of. That I figgered ways to get the girls to feel and ways to let them see. God, it's funny: I've got a hand in Tennessee. I can remember how that saw sounded.

Various passages that tug at one's senses of wonder and of horror are drawn together in the sensibility of the one who knows them all, that central witness, Lee Harrington, who, like Tristram Shandy, uses up his story getting born. His awareness of absurdity and arbitrariness — both a blessing and a curse — is the uniting vision that draws stories of the West, the War, Reconstruction, and turn-of-the-century America, together:

> You awake, Lee thought, in the vast night of all the years. You awake somewhere in the vast night: Everything is around you, all time forwards and backwards and all space. At night, in your bed, you see everything that has been or will be. And you awake at someplace where you have never been, nor ever will be: You awake at Gaines's Mill, lying in the hot, blood-reddened swampweeds with Tom Beckham, or you awake with Robert Lee Harrington, carpenter's bound boy, as he leaves Gadkin County, North Carolina, on his way to make coffins in Abilene, or you awake with Romulus Lycurgus Hanks and General Ulysses S. Grant as they stand in the rain on the night of April 6, 1862 at Pittsburg Landing, Tennessee. Or you awake lying on your own deathbed in a body you do not know. And you cry out: How could I have known? I tell you I didn't know! All right! All right, Goddamn it! I go back and look again and heed and look again and heed —

Like other works, *Rome Hanks* could inspire a catalogue of its faults, one no doubt lengthened by the work's nature: an extravagantly autobiographical first novel that owes much to James Joyce, William Faulkner, and Thomas Wolfe; and one that owes much, moreover, to the self-conscious literariness of the young gent who went off to Pembroke College of Oxford University after graduating from the University of Kansas, and who would flesh out the texture of his novel with Elizabethan and Jacobean and Augustan pastiches and echoes.

Stretching in reference from the ancient world to the twenties and the thirties, extending in tone from the savage to the sentimental, and switching in procedure from the swaggering and pseudo-Shakespearean to the callow and shallow mockery of Sinclair Lewis and H.L. Mencken, *Rome Hanks* is a glorious failure, an earnest attempt at the Great American Novel that deserves to be read even as the history it brings to life deserves to be evoked.

Mississippi Faulkner & The Wide World.

by John Douglas Minyard

A Review of:

Count No 'Count: Flashbacks to Faulkner. By Ben Wasson. Introductory essay by Carvel Collins. Illustrated. 206 pp. Jackson: University Press of Mississippi. 1983. $12.95.

From a literary standpoint Mississippi, in this century, has been, in high cotton. The list of famous names includes William Faulkner, Tennessee Williams, Eudora Welty, Walker Percy, Stark Young, William Alexander Percy, Richard Wright, Shelby Foote, Hodding Carter, Jr., Willie Morris, Ellen Douglas, and Hubert Creekmore, and might even take note of such popular tale-tellers as Maxwell Bodenheim and Ben Ames Williams.

The number of the names is impressive by itself, but remember that the population of Mississippi, during Faulkner's life, less than any one of four of the boroughs of New York City, let alone Philadelphia, Chicago, or the area of Boston; and remember also that Mississippi is a land of poverty with its people dispersed over a wide area of almost totally rural country. To the length of the list, add the fact that the authors on it did not just happen to live for some time in a place (as is the case about so many "New York" writers) but were produced by Mississippi, which provided their store of imaginative resource, so that, wherever they were living, their minds were in Mississippi, and the list takes on historical and philosophical weight. Then add what is most important: the quality and importance of many of these writers for the high art not simply of the South but for the United States, and for some, for the world.

The worth of Mississippi literature and its organic derivation from the form of Mississippi life give any intelligent memoir of its writers value and interest. This is certainly true of Ben Wasson's *Count No 'Count,* which relates Faulkner to the world of larger culture, beginning with his first acquaintance with Wasson at the University of Mississippi during the years of World War I and telling the tales of Faulkner's visits to the Wasson home in Greenville and his sojourns in New York in the 1920s, the work in Hollywood in the 1930s, the return to Mississippi in the 1940s, and the mysterious, inexplicable, or at least unexplained, break between the two in New York in the 1950s. Along the way, we cross the paths of Stark Young, William Alexander Percy, Hodding Carter, Jr., Kenneth Haxton, Jr. (the husband of Ellen Douglas), and Shelby Foote, as well as Sherwood Anderson, Alexander Woolcott, Lillian Hellman, Dashiel Hammett, Nathanael West, Budd Schulberg, John O'Hara, Claudette Colbert, ZaSu Pitts, Alfred Knopf, Howard Hawks, Horace Liveright, Bennett Cerf, Saxe Cummins, Dorothy Parker, Robert Benchley, and, at a distance, Elia Kazan and Tennessee Williams. We get thereby not only Faulkner but also an abbreviated, wide-ranging, distant view of the whole structure of recent American and Southern cultural life.

What is striking, indeed, about Wasson's story of Faulkner is its representative value. The tales lead always to connections or parallels with other writers. His time in New York recalls the presence of so many other Southerners in that city and its effect on their careers and writing. So too with the periods in New Orleans and Hollywood. His link to all three places represents a standard feature of the life of the Southern writer in the modern world and quickly brings to mind, in their different ways, Tennessee Williams, Stark Young, Walker Percy, Truman Capote, Lillian Hellman, and Carson McCullers.

Most representative and significant for the relation between the Southern flowering and the sources of Modernism are the recollections of Faulkner's reading and early literary activities. Wasson sketches in Faulkner's interest in Verlaine, Rimbaud, Wilde, Housman, the Imagists, in Joyce, Conrad, Melville, Flaubert, Whitman, O'Neill, Proust, Balzac, Tolstoy, and Dostoyevsky, in Aubrey Beardsley and *The Yellow Book,* in Conrad Aiken and Sherwood Anderson, and Yeats, as well as Greek tragedy, and the Greeks in general, Keats, Shelley, Shakespeare, and Mark Twain. All this shows both Faulkner's extensive literary culture and his particular interest in those authors who laid the foundations of Modernism.

It is unfortunate that Wasson's narrative is not fuller and more revelatory. It does provide some interesting pictures of Faulkner's Anglophile eccentricity at the University, his capacity for rudeness and his withdrawn nature, of Maud Faulkner, the days at the University post office, the clash with W.A. Percy, of Helen Baird, Estelle Faulkner, the beginnings of the literary career and the early days in New York, the times in Hollywood with Howard Hawks and Meta Carpenter (and the incredible scene at Faulkner's house when Estelle came West for a "visit"), and other telling incidents of private and the literary life, but nothing is explored in depth or for its cultural or psychological implications. Surely Wasson knew Faulkner well enough at least to guess why he suddenly stopped speaking to him.

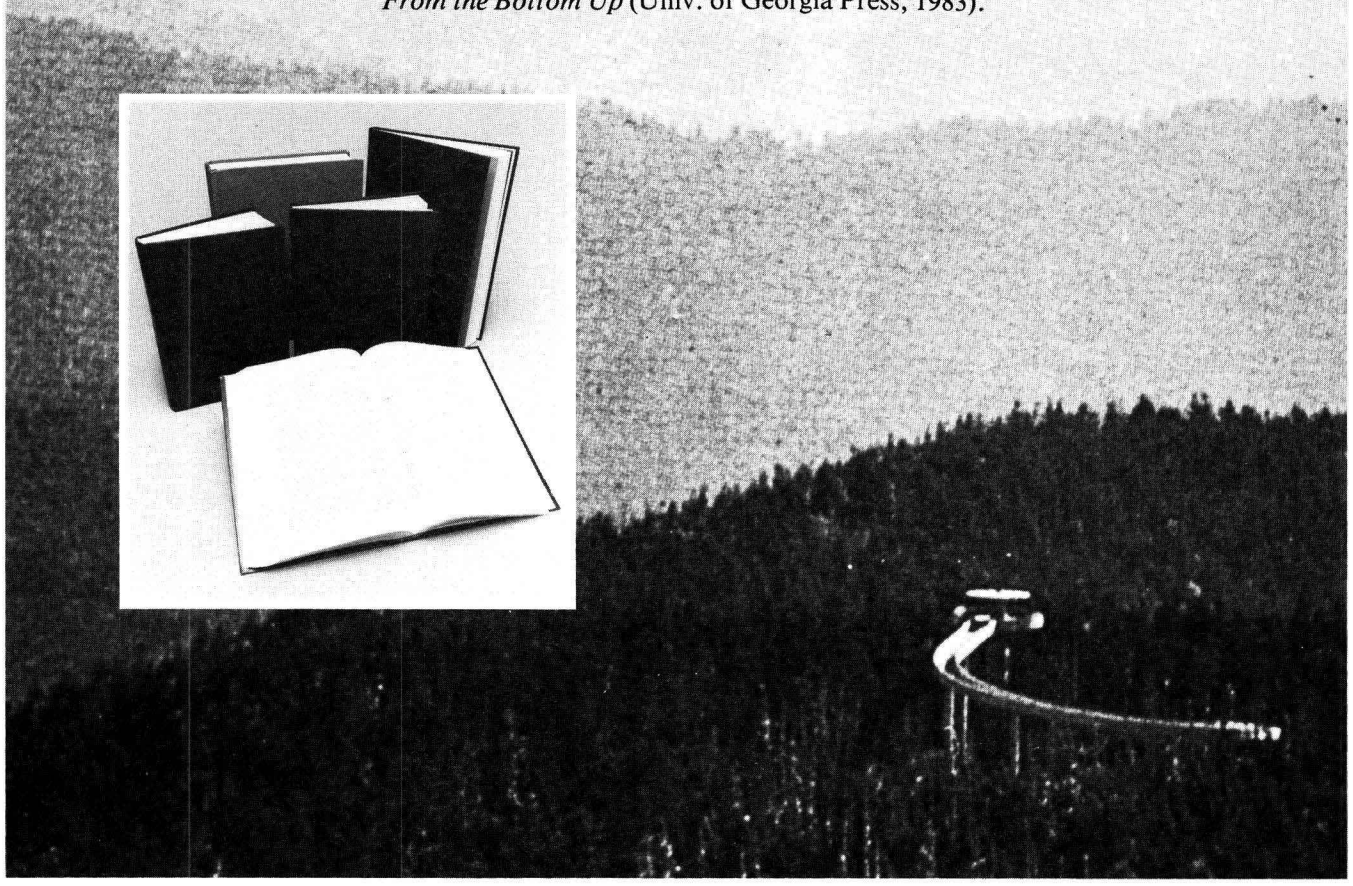
A laconic style and narrative reticence curtail almost every story. If Wasson did have any insight into Faulkner's interior intellectual life or the well-springs of his personality, he does not share it with us.

Still, this little memory provides a nice, surprisingly comprehensive and indicative outline of the Southern national literature in the age just past. The writing is straightforward, clear, charming, and honest. Wasson puts Faulkner in his place, in the Mississippi landscape, both physical and cultural, and shows the scope beyond Mississippi of his aims and accomplishments. As an informal introduction to the topics of William Faulkner, literature, and the South, it has a value beyond its goal of presenting an intimate cameo of one of the greatest novelists of the Modernist movement.

New Southern Voices

by John Yow

A Review of Bobbie Ann Mason's *Shiloh and Other Stories* (Harper & Row, 1982) and Leigh Allison Wilson's *From the Bottom Up* (Univ. of Georgia Press, 1983).



The new Southern voice of Kentucky's Bobbie Ann Mason is so perfectly pitched and sure of itself it seems a wonder that *Shiloh and Other Stories* is the author's first collection. The other voice belongs to Tennessee's Leigh Allison Wilson (whose *From the Bottom Up* won the University of Georgia Press' Flannery o'Connor Award for Short Fiction). and though Wilson's voice is less consistent, still changing, it grows stronger and more her own as the volume proceeds.

"Leroy Moffitt's wife, Norma Jean, is working on her pectorals." That's how Bobbie Ann Mason's book gets underway, and the sentence says a good deal about both the technique and subject matter of the volume as a whole. Right away the names begin to identify the people Mason is writing about: they're Southern, they're rural or small-town, they would be rednecks except, as it turns out, most of them have moved away from the farms where they or their parents once lived.

Also the sentence is in the present tense (in fact, thirteen of the sixteen stories in the volume use present-tense narration). The sense of immediacy supported by this device is an important element in these stories, where the action taking place is entirely quotidian, where in effect there are no beginnings and no endings. At the conclusion of a story we are not sure what it has meant — as we do in, say, "Good Country People" — but we do know that what we have seen and heard is absolutely true.

And we can tell by what Norma Jean is doing in this opening sentence that she is not satisfied, that she longs for something; she is trying to change herself. Most of

the people in these stories have such feelings. Morning talk shows and shopping mails are beginning to impinge upon life in Paducah, Kentucky. Pastel (pants) suits and divorce are rampant. An aging farmwife struggles to accept the fact that one of her daughters is bringing to Christmas dinner the man she's been "shacking up with." Waldeen, divorced from Joe Murdock, has been proposed to by Joe McClain, but it's her opinion that another husband would be like a guest-host on "Johnny Carson." On the other hand, Cleo Watkins' daughter, separated from her husband, explains that "people don't have to do what they don't want to as much now as they used to." There is much confusion in these lives, and not a little fear. The new doctrines would assure everybody that whatever they do and feel is okay, but many of Mason's unsophisticated characters retain enough good sense to doubt it.

All of the stories in the volume seem flawless to me, but let me try to give a sense of a few of my favorites. "Shiloh" is the one about Leroy and Norma Jean. He is a trucker who hurt his leg in an accident and can no longer drive long distances. His rig now sits in the backyard "like a gigantic bird that has flown home to roost," and Leroy sits around the house, smoking marijuana that he buys from the son of a doctor he went to high school with. Leroy can't understand why Norma Jean isn't happy to have him at home. From her weight-lifting regimen Norma Jean has moved on to taking composition in night school.

Leroy is so confused by her increasing distance from him that he even remarks upon it to Mabel, his mother-in-law. Mabel believes that her daughter's brains "are all balled up over them books," and she recommends a trip to the battlefield at Shiloh, where she and her husband had honeymooned. Norma Jean agrees to go if Leroy will stop staring at her, but it is on the picnic at Shiloh, with Leroy smoking a joint and trying but failing to understand, that Norma Jean tells him she wants to leave him.

In "The Climber" it's Dolores Mullins who feels confused. Her husband has hired a tree service to come cut down the big tulip tree at the corner of the house (the roots are eating away at the house's foundation), and later this same morning she is to have the lump in her breast examined by the doctor. The tree is about to bloom, but that doesn't make any difference to her husband.

The climber is a freelancer working with the tree service. He is aloof from the rest of the men, and he doesn't even wear spikes. As Dolores watches him work his way down from the top, lopping off branches and denuding the trunk, she feels goosebumps on her arms. From the doctor she learns that she has only fibrocystitis, not cancer, and she feels both relieved and cheated. Back at the house the tulip tree is gone, but her gaze rests on the familiar quince bush in the front yard. Dolores has noticed that, though it blooms every spring, sometimes a turn of the weather in the fall will make it bloom again.

Georgeann, the preacher's wife in "The Retreat," has been feeling "disoriented." She knew when she married Shelby he was going to be a preacher, but still, back then "he seemed a little dangerous," and he had even been in trouble. Now, Georgeann thinks, "he is not the same person who once stole a ham." Now he writes sermons with words like "pucelage" and "maturescent" in them. After a snowy Sunday this past winter Georgeann noted on the bulletin she was filing away that only three people showed up; writing this, she felt "as though a gear had shifted inside her."

At the retreat, which Georgeann had not wanted to attend, she discovers a video game, Galaxians, in the basement of the lodge. She had never played one before, and she becomes immediately addicted to the battle against the alien spaceships. She loses track of time, and Shelby finds her in the basement after the retreat is over. He cannot understand how the game has made her feel. At home, as she chops off the head of a sick hen she had left in the henhouse, "Georgeann feels nothing, only that she has done her duty."

In "A New-Wave Format," Edwin Creech is forty-three and has just started a new job; driving a busload of retarded adults to their mental health center. He has had many jobs before, and several wives — indeed, he used to think of himself as an adventurer. But his observation of his passengers and the sense of responsibility they give him make him begin to see that "he has gone through life rather blindly, without much pain or sense of loss." It occurs to him that he remembers his wives by the food they prepared, remembers the Vietnam war as a TV series. What he doesn't see yet, but is about to is that his current lovers, a twenty-year-old blond beauty with a yearning to be an actress, is exactly as fatuous and empty as he used to be. The quiet understatement of Edwin's revelation is typical of Mason's technique.

Leigh Allison Wilson's book gets off to a slow start. For this I blame her editors at the University of Georgia Press, who should have known better than to begin the volume with three Flannery O'Connor imitations. The most derivative of these is "The Raising," in which an insufferably self-righteous Mrs. Eastman (read Ruby Turpin) has ecstatic visions of what she will make of the orphan boy she is about to adopt. Predictably, Little Darryl turns out to be as purely evil as Old Scratch himself, and Mrs. Eastman gets her comeuppance. So unlike Mason's stories, here character is typed and truth stretched in order that the "meaning" will come clear.

But the other seven stories in the volume are better. Three of these are quite grim — one involves a bleak funeral day, another is about a child who witnesses a brutal fight between her parents, and the third manages to combine both these elements. "Invictus," this third one, opens when Leota, in the middle of the night, has a frightening vision of her grandmother, who has been buried that day. The body of the story consists of flashbacks, through Leota's consciousness, in which the practical give-and-take relationship between her grandparents is played against the uncompromising and sometimes violent head-butting of her parents. During the funeral Leota remembers her grandmother's tender exasperation when her grandfather had come home late, drinking. "I could whip you," she says, but hugs his neck instead. On the afternoon after the funeral, Leota watches unseen as her father beats her mother unconscious and then carries her from the room. At the end of of the story, Leota again sees the fleshless, grinning face of her grandmother — "almost with relief."

The remaining four are better still. Interestingly, all four are narrated in the first person — not always a guarantee of success, but in these stories the shift to the first person seems to allow the narrator to relax a little bit, to take herself and her material a little less seriously,

to become humorous and self-deprecating. In "South of the Border," the narrator and her sister are driving back north to school after Christmas vacation. The cramped ride in the VW bug is rendered even more uncomfortable by the fact that the two girls just can't stand each other. Further insight into family life comes from the narrator's description of Christmas dinner: "I deaf-mute my way through the awkward vacuum during which butt-pinching uncles watch football games and bouffant-headed aunts question me as to how many boyfriends I have and my grandmother pounces at odd moments to bark in my ear, 'Can't go to school forever!' " To endure it all, the narrator confesses, "I wink and grin like a demon, offer condolences for my slovenly personality, giggle madly while my butt is tweaked."

"The Snipe Hunters" is a touching and funny story about the relationship between the narrator, a young woman, and her grandfather — the snipe hunters of the title. Though snipes have not existed in East Tennessee "since the days of the primordial swamp lizards," the old man and the young woman have come to understand the importance of the hunt itself. Against these two are arrayed the vast army of non-snipe hunters, best exemplified by Uncle Ashmore and Aunt Mildred, for whom the very essence of wisdom and practicality is to sell the old man's house and put him in a nursing home.

While "The Snipe Hunters" and "Country Blues for Melissa," another fine first-person story, make much of being set in East Tennessee, my own favorite takes place on a northern college campus, and could have been set anywhere. It is "The Professors," about the narrator's initiation into the world during the two weeks following her graduation. The young woman has accepted an invitation to stay with Ms. Freiman, a professor of Russian engaged to marry a Soviet poet. Ms. Freiman is tormented by her fiance's inability to obtain an exit visa from Russia, and all the more so when she and the narrator are joined in the household by Harriet and Sasha, just arrived from Moscow. Ms. Freiman explains that since Sasha is insane the Russians are only too delighted for him to leave.

Harriet, who is relieved to be home in America, and Sasha, who wants to return to the homeland, spend the days fighting violently and the nights making love even more violently. During the evening meal, all four members of the party do a great deal of drinking and laughing, and Sasha remains oblivious to the insults of the two women who find him a fool. The narrator's initiation culminates on the last morning of her stay, when she enters the guest room to answer the telephone. There she sees "two pear-shaped, dark-complexioned breasts that lapped like sea creatures just above the shore of a blanket. On top of one of these creatures rested Sasha's left hand, rather possessively at that. And the mermaid of this Poseidon was, of course, Ms. Edna Freiman." At the moment, the narrator is far too outraged by this evident hypocrisy to heed Ms. Freiman's wise counsel: "What you believe with all your heart, and what you do, aren't necessarily the same thing."

These two volumes offer hard evidence, if any was needed, that the Southern stream still runs. If one branch looks clearer at the present time than the other, it should be borne in mind that Bobbie Ann Mason is fifteen years older than Leigh Allison Wilson, who is still in her mid-twenties. While the younger woman is trying hard to develop, the older appears to have developed without trying. Wilson is a very promising writer; Mason has delivered in this one volume more than anyone ought dare promise.

THE SOUTHERN SAMPLER

by William F. Freehoff

Last Words On The Battlefield:
Forward, my brave men!
Brig. Gen. Turner Ashby, CSA, at Harrisonburg, Va.
I pay my debt to Lafayette and Rochambeau.
Second Lt. Kiffin Y. Rockwell, AEF (VMI Class of 1912)
Don't bother with me: go ahead!
Capt. Robert Y. Conrad, AEF (VMI Class of 1905)

Slavery:
In this enlightened age there are few, I believe, but will acknowledge that slavery as an institution is a moral and political evil in any country.
Lt. Col. Robert E. Lee, U.S.A. 1856.

Robert E. Lee:
The profession of the soldier has been honored by his renown, the cause of education, by his virtues, religion by his piety.
Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, CSA

The Ante-Bellum South:
The open-hearted hospitality of old Virginia, and of the South generally; the proud yet courteous bearing of both sexes; the elevated standard of both morals and religion; the happy freedom from the multitudinous phases of infidelity and German Neology which have followed the tide of foreign population as faithfully as the shadow follows the substance...
Chaplain James B. Avirett, Ashby Cavalary, C.S.A.

The Welfare State:
Congress has no right to give charity. Individual members may give as much of their own money as they please, but they have no right to touch a dollar of the public money for that purpose.
Horatio Bunce, a constituent of Rep. Davy Crockett (W-TN)

The Yankee:
If a Yankee ain't efficient, he ain't nothin'.
Anonymous

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BOOKNOTES

Southern Ambiance

The Art of the Old South: 1560-1860. By Jessie Poesch. 384 pp. Knopf. $50 in oversize edition.

From John Allen's crude but sturdy log cabin in Alamance County, North Carolina to the ornate beauty of the Colonel William Rhett House in Charleston, this new book surveys the art and architecture of the Old South — and it misses very little, if anything at all. From a cane-bottomed straight-back chair made in Virginia to an intricately decorated mahogany sofa from Baltimore; from Jacques Le Moyne's dole viving 16th century water color of worshipping Indians to Guiseppe Cerachi's bust of George Washington; from the graceful columned churches and public buildings designed by Robert Mills to the amazing, classically Greek design of Theodore Scowden's 19th century fire station — Jessie Poesch has captured the neglected craftsmanship of the American South.

Houses, halls, watercolors, oils, sculpture, furniture, churches, cabins, ice tongs, jewelry, artists' renderings, architectural drawings — they're all in this unusual book and they're all from the South. Why wasn't this book produced years ago?

"One reason for a study such as this," author Poesch observes, "is that there has been previous neglect; comparatively few examples from the South are shown in the various surveys of visual arts in America. A more important reason is that much new material has come to light in recent years. So much, in fact, that this volume is in itself a broad survey. The study of American architecture, painting and other arts and crafts is still relatively new, and each discovery reveals more facets of a rich and diverse heritage."

A resident of New Orleans, the author is a professor of art history at Tulane University. She divides this huge new book into four periods: It begins with the first European settlements and concludes with the antebellum period. In between are 300 years of changing Southern art and craftsmanship.

Southerners were independent-minded in their artistic creativity, the book concludes, but not so much that they hesitated to borrow a good idea. Southern craftsmanship and artistic development has been influenced by everyone from Indians to Englishmen — especially Englishmen.

"The strong imprint of English values and English taste in the arts upon the way of life in the South has remained powerful," writes the author. "The fact that during the long post-Civil War period fewer immigrants chose to settle in the Southern parts of the United States also meant that in certain places there has been a stronger retention of English traditions among both rich and poor, and a vague allegiance to England...The Germans, Swiss, Scotch-Irish, and Africans practiced their crafts and have also left their mark on building and artistic practices in the South."

In case anyone doubted it, Jessie Poesch's memorable work has proven that Southerners have rich artistic heritage, yet another tradition to be proud of.

—RG

Last Train South

McFarland & Co., Box 11, Jefferson, N.C., 28640 by James C. Clark

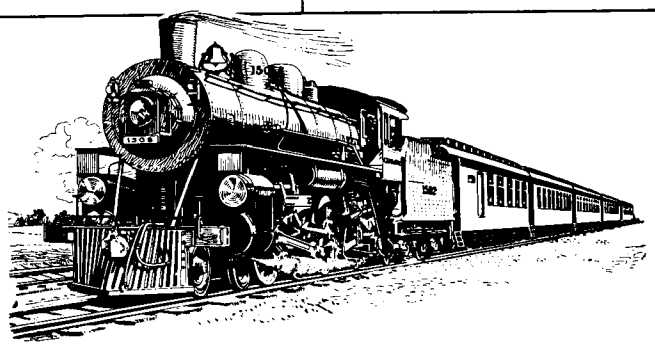
Fascination with the Confederacy and the blood letting between North and South is endless and has spawned thousands of books since a stillness settled over Appmattox 120 years ago.

The latest in the avalanche is a slender volume by James C. Clark, an editor on the Orlando, Fla., *Sentinel.* Although Clark paints on a small canvas (141 pages), he has brought into clear focus in *Last Train South* events connected with the flight of the Confederate Government from Richmond.

The Confederate Congress didn't distinguish itself in the dying days of the rebellion. Clark sees its last acts as slaps in the face for Jefferson Davis. One act made Gen. Robert E. Lee "ranking officer of the Army," Congress's clumsy attempt to demote Davis as commander-in-chief. The other act approved the use of slaves in the Army, an idea Davis had previously vetoed.

The parting of Davis and his wife in the spring of 1865 underscored the desperation of the situation. He gave Winnie a pistol so that she could, "if reduced to the last extremity, force your assailants to kill you."

Richmond at that time was suffering from inflation. Bacon was $20 a pound, live hens were worth $50, and butter was going for $20 a pound. In the stores were auctioned possessions of the Davises. Clark traces a green silk gown of Winnie's on sale at one store. One wonders how many other possessions were never recovered and where they might be today.



The Confederacy at the time was $700 million in debt. The government had no means of collecting taxes efficiently, and other ways of financing the war had failed. Bravery and military genius were not lacking in the Army. The lack was efficiency and unity in government.

During the flight from Richmond, Davis never gave up hope of continuing the fight, but in this he was alone except for a few people like the dauntless Wade Hampton. Davis had hoped for a retreat to the West of the Mississippi River with soldiers still loyal to the cause to resume operations with the forces of Gen. Kirby-Smith.

The plan may not have been as foolish as some thought at the time. Kirby-Smith had an undefeated army of about 40,000, and the Confederacy had signed treaties with Indian tribes that could be counted on for help.

Yet, it had to end and all knew it. Clark traces those last days with care and backs up the validity of his account with scores of references and an impressive bibliography.

It is unfortunate that the publishers should have allowed *errata* on several pages to go uncorrected from the galley proofs, but for all of that, the book is a welcome addition to literature on the subject and well worth reading.

by Robert McHugh

Elvis Era Woes

Elvis Is Dead And I Don't Feel So Good Myself, Lewis Grizzard, Peachtree publishers, Atlanta, 269 pp., 1984, $11.95

Lewis Grizzard (rhymes with "lard") admits that he is a confused man. He says he was raised by the rules of the 1950s, then as soon as he grew up, they changed all the rules. Liberated women turn him off and the new music hurts his ears. As to gay rights, he's willing to concede that homsexuals are entitled to their preferences, but he can't understand why so many of them have to be waiters, because he doesn't want them touching his food.

Grizzard loves cold beer (in long-neck bottles), country music played loud on the radio and barbeque eaten in small establishments that have Vienna sausages and a large jar of pickled pig's feet on the shelf behind the cash register. He lived for a time in Chicago and hated it; and his idea of heaven is sitting in a rocker on the front porch of an old country store washing down a Zagnut candy bar with a big orange bellywasher. Grizzard writes about these things in his syndicated column (now appearing in 130 newspapers) and in six books of which ***Elvis Is Dead*** is the latest and the best.

Lewis Grizzard is a good ol' boy from smalltown Georgia yanked away from his roots by the times. When Andrew Young complained about all those "smart-ass white boys" who were running the Democratic Party, Grizzard was thrilled that someone had finally given him a label he could live with — a SAWB. At last, he knew what he was. But he's more than that. Grizzard has a genuine talent for giving a fresh twist to old phrases.

But success may be the boy's undoing. We hear reports that he now has a Mercedes parked in the garage beside his pickup truck. And someone saw him wearing Gucci loafers — but we were relieved to hear that he wasn't wearing socks. *—Carl Jones*

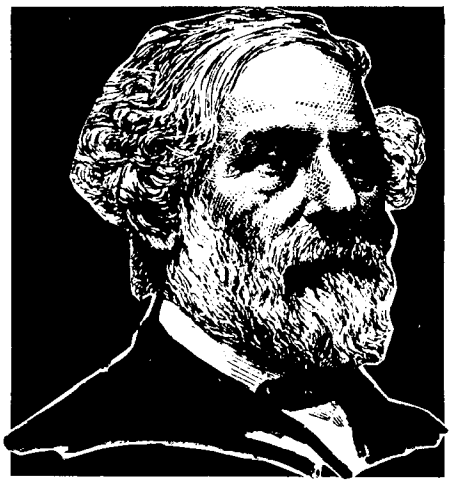
The Smoke Never Clears

A Partisan Look at New Titles from THE War

By Rod Gragg

■***Chattanooga: A Death Grip on the Confederacy*** by James L. McDonough (298 pp. University of Tennessee Press. $19.95) focuses intently on the siege of Chattanooga in late 1863. Earlier studies of the Chattanooga campaign have emphasized the dramatic battle of Chickamauga to the neglect of the struggle for the city which followed. McDonough picks up the story after Chickamauga and reports in depth on the contest for Chattanooga which culminated in the unscheduled and successful Federal attack on Missionary Ridge. With the earlier fall of Vicksburg, the South was split militarily with disastrous results. That story has been told many times. Less familiar is the battle for Chattanooga, which resulted in another tragic dividing of the South and opened the way for the devastation wrought by Sherman's army. McDonough, who has authored similar works on Franklin, Shiloh and Stones River, knows the war, has the historian's gifts — and can write with the color, detail and style seldom found in a university press title. What more can be said of Chattanooga after this book?

■***Down By the Riverside: A South Carolina Slave Community*** by Charles Joyner (345 pp. University of Illinois Press. $24.95) does what no other previous work on slavery has done: It follows in depth the lives of slaves in a single, limited region with detailed personal attention. Other works on slavery have painted with a broad brush, interpreted data and selected documents at will. Joyner instead carefully isolates his subject, intently studying the slaves in one small community. What emerges may be the fairest treatment of slavery to date and perhaps the truest picture of slave life yet rendered. Joyner has no ax to grind, nor does he pull any punches. After reading his account, one would hardly wish for the lifestyle of an antebellum slave, but the reader also understands the master's motive and attitude from the standard of his day — and not ours. Joyner's book is serious, professional and fair to all — rare qualities in the historiography of American slavery.



■***The Image of War: The End of an Era.*** Vol. VI. William C. Davis, ed. 496 pp. Doubleday. $39.95.

Finally the work is done. After three years, six volumes 4,000 photographs, The National Historical Society's mammoth photographic study of the War Between the States concludes with this volume. In format it is similar to the earlier volumes: a sparse text, detailed photo captions and more than 650 period photographs. Included in this volume is a collection of photos from Mobile, a section on Sherman's "Great March" which ravaged the South, a chapter on the siege of Petersburg, a collection of visuals dealing with Richmond at the end, and a wrap-up chapter portraying end-of-war events. Included in the final chapter are a photograph of the Abbeville, S.C. house where President Davis held his last war council, a lengthy series of photographs of the U.S. Army's Grand Review at war's end, and a potpourri of Reconstruction photographs. Despite a sometimes listless narrative and a little photographic overkill, *The Image of War* series really is a milestone event in the historiography of the war. The National Historical Society should be commended for assuming such an ambitious task and Doubleday was wise to participate.

■***Lee and Grant*** by Gene Smith (412 pp. McGraw-Hill. $17.95.) is less objective. The format of a dual biography of the war's greatest combatants is a favorite of past writers, but Smith works it better than most. He weaves skillfully back and forth between the lives of Lee and Grant, concentrating on some aspects and skimming past others. He is a good writer and he tells the double biography with an engaging style. Southerners, however, will detect a bias in Smith's study. Unlike other historians seeking the mantle of "revisionist," Smith does not wield a hatchet against Lee. The legendary Marse Robert is treated respectfully in this volume. But while he treats Lee evenly, Smith is overtly sympathetic to Grant. (Admittedly, it's difficult to read an account of Grant's deathbed struggle to finish his memoirs without being sympathetic.) Although he shows favoritism toward Grant, Smith does capture the common appeal of the man which produced postwar friendships with such ardent Confederates as John S. Mosby and Simon Buckner.

■***The Gettysburg Campaign*** by Edwin B. Coddington (866 pp. Charles Scribner's Sons. $17.95.) is now available in an easily accessible trade paper edition. Published originally by Morningside Bookshop, it's a definitive account of those three terrible days in July of 1863 when the best hopes of the South were spent on the ridges and fields surrounding the obscure Pennsylvania village of Gettysburg. The whole story is here: opening action at Brandy's Station, the crossing of the Potomac, Longstreet's spy, Hooker's dismissal, Stuart's costly absence, Reynolds unhorsed and dead, Barksdale shot down in the Wheatfield, the 20th Maine at Little Round Top — all the fury and futility that followed the battle streamers over that awful distance of Pickett's Charge. Following Coddington's well-constructed narrative are the official troop rosters of both armies, excellent endnotes and a superb bibliography. It is a work fitting of the greatest battle ever fought in the Western Hemisphere.

The Last Word

REID BUCKLEY

Good Taste Doesn't Sell

I TAKE NO UNCONSCIONABLE PRIDE IN THE ACCIDENT OF MY PERFECT TASTE.

Good taste is neither inheritable nor purchasable, I have learned. Hard experience has taught me also that it is a gift with exiguous market value.

Back in 1960 Teresa ["Teleca"] Martinez-Irujo, an intimate Spanish friend, and I founded the Buckley-Irujo Quality Enterprise, thereinafter known as Bique. *Renowned* as Bique. In association with William Dooley, a talented American designer, we gathered into the three stories of an elegant old palace on Madrid's Paseo de la Castellana the best work of Spanish artisans in porcelain, ceramics, leather, wrought iron, and wickerware, not excluding antique furniture and even high fashion by the then young and obscure Elio Berhanyer, the "Shepherd Boy," whose legend I invented out of...you guessed it, whole cloth.

Our customers included I. Magnin, Saks, the Allied chain, the May Company, Abercrombie & Fitch, Neiman-Marcus, Rich's of Atlanta, Marshall Field, Bonwit Teller, and many others. Oh we had beautiful stuff! We lost our shirts.

We staged a grand opening in mid-January. *Toute haute* Madrid paid its respects, if nothing more tangible, including the portly Japanese Ambassador, a Jolly Oriental Gentleman who grinned and bowed, and at every opportunity whipped out a tiny camera. "Velly pletty," he remarked to Teleca. Indeed they were — our baskets from Gata de Gorgos and our ceramics from Valdecabria, imaginatively redesigned for the American market by Bill Dooley with his inimitable flair. Well, not quite inimitable, because by the time our exclusives hit the New York showrooms there had arrived from points East a veritable flood of imitations, which, if not quite so attractive, were cheaper.

We were bloodied. We were by no means bowed! The prestigious House of Carruncho supplied our knitwear. It was a steal: suits for under $20, sweaters and skirts starting at $6. Let the thieving WOGs try to beat that! Young Enrique Carruncho was shrewd, moreover. In those days, Spanish mannequins tended to resemble flight attendants on Aeroflot. Carruncho scoured Madrid for pretty, *petite* girls. He found a bevy. As his finale, he had them enter trailing knit shawls, which, whether tossed imperiously over shoulders or crossed demurely in front, are utterly seductive in the hands of Latin women. Our male buyers were entranced.

We wrote orders on a heap of knitwear, and then, in early February, Esther Williams dropped by for a showing. It pleased her to try on a few Chanel-style outfits. We were thrilled. But after some moments of suspense, a rude-sounding hilarity pealed from the dressing room. Out strode that magnificently built Poseidan's daughter. What thighs! (First time I ever saw a mini skirt.) What shoulders! (She could not get into the jackets at all.) Everything — we realized — thousands of dollars worth of merchandise — had to be torn from the looms and resized for the more robust American physique.

We suffered other vicissitudes. Abercombie & Fitch waxed enthusiastic over our leather shellbags, priced at 250 Ptas. ($4.16) each retail. They placed an order for three dozen, conditioning it on an acceptable wholesale price; but when we hied to the leatherworker, he rubbed his whiskery chin and allowed as how he wanted double. I was nonplussed. It didn't make sense. If *one* shellbag *retailed* for 250 Ptas., why, *three dozen* shellbags *wholesale* should cost...The old fellow wagged his head. I had no understanding at all.

"I must charge you 500 Ptas. each," said he, "because making that many will bore me to death."

We had a gourmet department, too. A Big City buyer in his sleek sharkskin suit entered representing...I shan't divulge. He was repellent. His arrogance was exceeded only by that of a twirp from Neiman-Marcus, whom just a few weeks earlier I had been pleased to toss out of Bique on his ear. This speciman of a repulsive breed wore a maroon ribbed silk four-in-hand from Sulka, matching kerchief creased into his breast pocket. His shirt was silk and monogrammed, and the french cuffs jutted out aggressively with garnets the size of pebbles coupling them. His black shoes were pointed, perforated, and strapped across one side by bright brass latchets. His swarthy jowls were heavily talcumed. He looked like the favorite nephew of a mafioso capa whose education had been paid through Syracuse University.

"It's hot," he complained right off, as though the weather conspired personally against him. "It's May," I observed mildly, "—in Madrid. It is supposed to be hot...in Madrid...in May." He didn't like that. "Well, ya got anything for me worth looking at?" I resisted temptation, calling for dear Maria Elena, our Irish American beauty with the blue, blue innocent eyes and sweet figure, whose salary I had last paid a month gone by.

Her blouse was open at the throat. Through its sheer fabric, the outline of her bust transpired. Our mobster friend couldn't keep his eyes off her. Nevertheless, I sent Marie Elena, as to the lions, into the atrium, where we had a display of Horcher Restaurant's delicious crêpe sauce, a creamy almond confection that is laced with Armagnac or Cointreau. It is ambrosia, food for the gods. We had packaged it worthily in lead-crystal jars with silver repousse lids that screwed on. These were handsomely displayed on the dark shelves of 16th century oaken cupboards. They glistened temptingly, reflecting the bright sun from the domed glass roof. It was May, as I have mentioned, and quite warm. It had been an uncommonly warm spring. Wiping his face with a snowy handkerchief, the buyer pressed close to Maria-Elena, telling her that he would like to taste a bit of that (get it?). She

took him at his word, reaching for a jar. I was called into another room, where the spiked heels of a buyer from Bergdorf had caught on the knotted fringes of our handsome Alpujarra carpets. We were tending to this minor catastrophe when we heard a distinct pop. Then pop-pop-pop. Pop! From the atrium. Simultaneously, there came sprinkling powdering crashing sounds. And more pops, like tiny cannons going off, a battery of them. "Oh, dear Mother in Heaven!" rose Maria-Elena's plaintive wail, which was drowned out by a roar as that of a bull being gored. And all the time there continued those popping sounds, and silvery slivers of something shattering on the marble floor. We rushed in — to behold Maria Elena wiping rich creamy almond Armagnac (or was it Cointreau?) from her face and eyebrows, and at the same time, with his own hankie, daubing at the ruined suit and shirtfront of the foully cursing buyer, who was a deliquescent mess of sticky sauce and granulated lead crystal, three rows of jars having apparently fermented and chosen that exquisite moment to explode.

We had a soap and perfume department too. In perfect taste. Of the most delicate fragrances. One evening in February Nancy White, the dignified Editor of *Harper's Bazaar,* and China [*chee-na*] Machado, the Eurasian beauty from Peru and longtime top fashion model, arrived to view the Berhanyer collection. This was a major break. This could put Bique on the map. Before the showing began, we asked them whether they would care to try an amygdalin-based hand lotion that had been invented by a half-mad female Russian emigre of my wife's acquaintance but that reputedly did wonders for the skin. We shooed our poodle and Chesapeake Bay retriever out of the way while first Nancy, and then China, tried the lotion — smearing a small lick onto the backs of their wrists, sniffing its smooth sweet aroma appreciatively, and then applying more to their hands, which they thoroughly rubbed in. "Why, it's marvelous," said Nancy, "don't you agree, China?" "Yummmmmm," said she. "It's so smooth! And the aroma...what is it? Almonds? Delicious. I like it, Nancy." In their opinion the price was competitive; and on this positive note we repaired (as they say) into the large sitting room, where the showing was to take place.

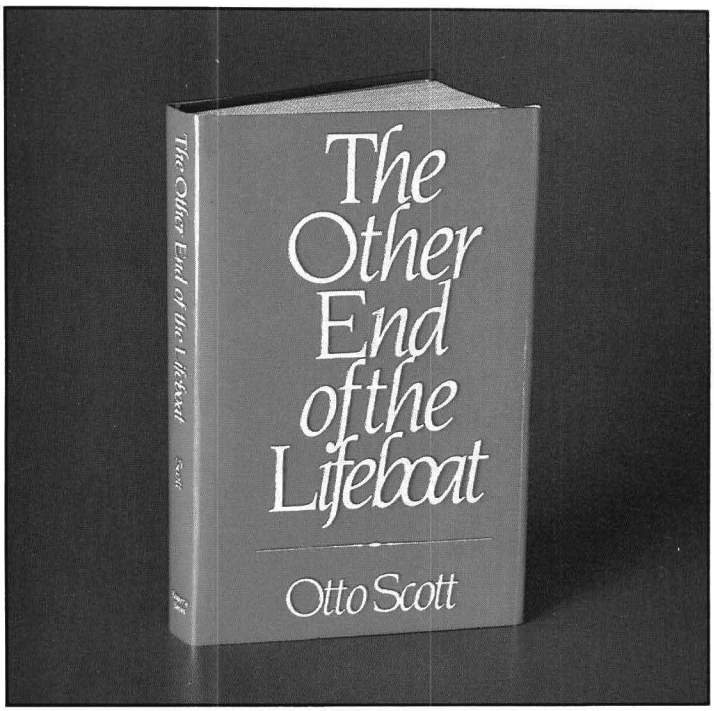
Berhanyer had a special flair for color and always used sumptuous materials. His models, imported from France, were thoroughly professional. Ice-cold dry sherry. Vivaldi. Nancy and China murmured in pleased fashion. (Teleca and I beamed.) They would be moving on to Florence and the Pitti Palace by week's end, and then to Paris for the collections, but they concurred as model after model slithered by that "the Shepherd Boy" was worthy of a couple of pages in an early issue of *Harper's.* "A page on Bique wouldn't be a bad idea either," said China, causing me to pledge to her in *pectore* what was left of my trough. I said to my wife, "Betsy, I think I had better take Dites [the caniche] and Bones [the Chesapeake] out." "I think so too," she agreed, sniffing fastidiously. "I think it's too late," she then said, sniffing more emphatically and looking around us. Oh, no! We began a circumspect sensoring of the environs. China meanwhile chatted about the receptions and balls that they were scheduled to attend, and Nancy, while keeping a sharper eye on the models (full length evening dresses were now being paraded), and occasionally summoning one to her so that she could inspect the stitching, also spoke of the exhausting ten days ahead. "Very lovely..." she murmured of a creation that was a mass of pink satin bows. "I think the mistake must be just behind us," she gave as her opinion, referring to the smell, which had become stronger (and more offensive) with the minute. "*I* think it's *under* our chairs," declared China, getting up. We all looked. We pulled furniture aside. "I told you not to let Bones in!" Betsy whispered fiercely at me. "Bones! It's your Dites. He's getting senile. He can't control himself." "Well, I don't see anything," said Nancy. "...Could I take a look at that wrap, the one No. 59 wore across her shoulders?" "It's somewhere!" declared China, wrinkling her scrutible nostrils with their highly developed olfactory buds — so sensitive that, as she had observed fondly at lunch, Caucasians indeed smell horrible to civilized folk, and redheads like me worst of all. "It is...right...here!" she cried, looking down at her feet with a grimace and a loud "Ugh!" But there was nothing to be see. "Crêpe de Chine?" asked Nancy of a very nervous Elio, who had rushed out of the wings to wonder what was causing the commotion. *"Si, Señora ...que huele tan mal?"* "We think it is the Buckleys' dogs." *"Nunca, nunca, nunca* will I allow animals into my collections never more. *Que desgracia!"* He swept an arm tragically across his brow. "It's not under *my* feet," observed Nancy White, regarding her sensible shoes with relief. "Well, it's not under mine, either!" asserted China. "May I have your hand?" asked Teleca in her formal Spanish voice. "Mine?" asked China. "Whatever for?" Teleca reached for China's hand with an habitual authority — raising those delicate bones in their transluscent sheath of smoothest Eurasian hide to her nostrils...and reared back with an unladylike "Faugh!" Nancy White lifted her hands, sniffing at them. She nearly gagged. "My God," cried China, "it's that damned lotion!"

We rushed them to the elegantly appointed powder room, which we had filled with choice colognes and soaps. But Mirurgia would not wash the smell off. Puig's Essense of Lavendar was unequal to the task, as was Heno de Pravia and lemony Alvarez Gómez. We tried amonia, cognac, rubbing alcohol,witch hazel, rosewater, detergents, and *anis Chinchón seco.* We tried turpentine. Nancy and China were nearly in tears. *Nothing* availed to take the smell away. Nothing even moderated its rank stench of fresh dog do. "Oh my God," said China to her boss, "we're going to have to wear gloves the whole ten days. Day and night. In bed, even." "It happens we have a fine assortment of gloves," said I — to the indignation of Betsy, who divorced me.

We sold Bique to a New Yorker of Greek extraction who promptly discontinued our beautiful lines, filling the place in their stead with gilt bronze statuettes of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza on ornate marble bases. He crammed shelves and showcases with handpainted fans, damascene jewelry from Toledo, *banderillas,* dolls in Flamenco costume, and Mallorcan pearls. Which — the pearls — weren't so bad. (Though they *are* made of the scales of sardines.) Teleca was so disgusted she went off to Mexico and got married. "Good taste doesn't sell," became our password, and this is what I am leading up to.

But you, fair reader, will have to wait until the Spring Issue to hear more.

The "Hidden History" of South Africa ...



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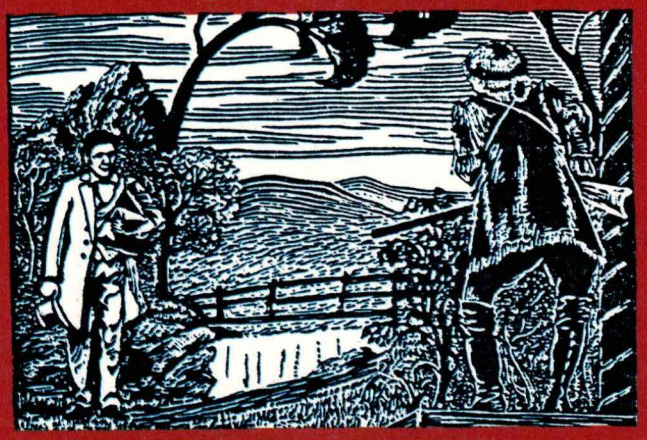

by Donald Davidson

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